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Observations Abroad.

(Continued.)

The subject of temperance continues to command much attention, and special efforts and work are being carried on by temperance organizations. The churches conduct prayer and temperance meetings in localities where the lower classes may be reached. Outdoor meetings are usually held for a half-hour. The exercises consist largely of singing of Sunday-school hymns. The poor children gather about and assist in the singing, and after short exhortations and prayer, the meeting is then adjourned to the hall near by. To counteract the evil effect of the drinking-saloons, temperance coffee-houses have been started in most of the large cities, prominent men, uniting in forming incorporated companies with large capital, systematically carrying on the business. Liverpool has a right to boast of its coffee-houses. A company in that city owns fifty-one houses, and eight cafes, and the gross receipts for a single year are said to exceed $430,000. The Birmingham Coffee-house Company have a capital of $120,000, and are carrying on twenty-three coffee-houses, the receipts of which are over $200,000 yearly. The company declare a dividend of ten per cent. each year, and carry forward a large surplus to the credit of profit account. At Leicester a new coffee-house was lately opened, which was built at the expense of $50,000. Where the houses are made cheerful and attractive, and coffee and tea provided, not only at a low price, but of good quality, they are the means of greatly diminishing the daily frequenting of public saloons, and intemperance is thereby lessened. Great Britain is greatly suffering from the depressions of trade. The Government has lately appointed a Royal Commission to fully examine into the subject, and to report to Parliament its extent, causes, and the remedies to be adopted for its improvement. The liquor trade appears to be the only trade that is prospering, and that at the expense of all other branches of business. That trade absorbs one-seventh of the entire spending power of the country. Of every seven dollars the people spend, one dollar is spent in drink. Whilst Great Britain is the richest country in the world, yet there are one million paupers in it, and a million more on the verge of pauperism, costing $50,000,000 a year for their support. The liquor traffic annually absorbs $500,000,000 of the wages of the working-classes. While committees are investigating for causes for the depression of trade, cannot here be found an evil undermining the prosperity of the country more than that of all others combined? This large amount of money, uselessly expended, if turned into industrial channels, would at once bring revival of trade and prosperity to all classes.

SMALL NOTES.

The dynamite scare appears not to have fully abated. When attending church at Westminster Abbey in the evening, our cloaks and shawls, hanging on our arms, were examined by the police to see that no explosives were conveyed into the church.

While in London, it was very difficult to obtain permission to see the tower. The week on which we were privileged to visit there, we were told the admissions granted did not average ten a day; while, prior to the explosion in the tower, several thousands visited the place daily, and on holidays as many as ten thousand had passed through the building.

Taking a small boat, we were rowed under the London bridge to see the effects of the dynamite explosion. On the piers of the bridge the marks of it were hardly perceptible, though the windows of the buildings on both sides of the river were nearly all broken for a half mile below the bridge, and our boatman, who was at the time that distance away, said he was blown off the bridge on which he was resting.

The railroad system is more perfect than in this country. The roads are better ballasted, and more nearly level, as large and extensive excavations are made for long distances to avoid the change of grade. The system of signals is much more complete than with us. The railway speed on an average, is much faster than in America. On the great Northern Road one hundred and five miles is run at the rate of fifty-three and a half miles an hour. On the Great Western seventy-seven miles is run at the rate of fifty-two and three-quarter miles an hour. On the London and North-Western, seventy-seven miles is run without stoppage at the rate of fifty-two and a half miles an hour. In America the fastest trains seldom exceed forty to forty-five miles an hour, except the limited express from New York to Chicago. There is one run west from Toledo where there is a straight road for seventy-one miles. Sixty-eight miles of it is run in sixty-five minutes.

On the underground railways of London they run first, second and third class cars, many of which are the close compartments, holding eight or ten persons. On others the partitions of the cars run no higher than the head. The cars are lighted by gas. The tank for holding the gas is placed under the car, and is filled each morning at the receiver with gas sufficient for twenty-four hours.

The stations are lighted from above, but are so crowded with board advertisements that the name of the station is hardly discernible, so that it is often difficult to determine when one arrives at which he wishes to stop.

At many stations may be observed a novel contrivance for collecting charity. A small box is placed, having the following notice: Deposit here your gifts for various charitable institutions. The box has a glass front, before which appears and disappears every minute the words "Thank You," thus attracting attention to the box.

On the underground railways there seems to be no provision for preventing a person holding a third-class ticket from riding in a first-class compartment but his honesty.

On nearly all the business streets of London houses are to be seen braced up with heavy timbers running from the outside, or centres of the sidewalks, to the second and third stories of the buildings. This is caused, principally, by buildings adjoining on leased land having been taken down, and leaving the other building insecure.

At Brussels we notice men and women engaged in sweeping the streets, many of them wearing wooden shoes, costing from five to eight cents a pair. We invested in one small pair of them, paying five cents, and we passed them through the Custom House, free of duty. We are willing to donate them to any person in this State who is unable to provide himself with shoes. The women appear to be very industrious. We saw many going bare-headed to their work at six in the morning, and knitting stockings as they passed through the streets.

In Paris many of the stores have the sign "English Spoken Here" to attract custom. On entering, you are surprised in being so often told that the salesman to speak English has just gone out, and to notice the persistency of the shop-keepers to induce you to purchase goods.

Some of the largest dry goods houses in Paris have as many as twenty salesmen employed in selling goods from stands on the inside of the sidewalk in front of their stores. The cab drivers of Paris drive very recklessly, having no regard for the safety of persons crossing the street. There the person run over is arrested for being run over, not the driver, for running over him.

On the Champs Elysee up to 2 P. M. on Sunday all is quiet and orderly. After that hour the circuses, theatres, merry-go-rounds, and other amusements, are in full play, continuing till nearly midnight. L.

First Quarterly Convention of the Y. P. P. M. Union.

The Young People's Prayer Meeting Union is composed of members of the various denominations, and the object of the Union is the establishment of young people's prayer-meetings in those churches that have none. The first quarterly convention was held Thursday evening, November 12th, at the Central M. E. church. Seventy-two delegates were present, representing sixteen churches. Each church is entitled to five delegates to the quarterly conventions. Very encouraging reports were received from delegates regarding the different young people's meetings. All reported increased attendance and interest. Young ladies were taking an active part in many meetings.

Rev. D. E. Bushnell gave an address on "Benefits of Young People's Prayer-meetings," showing clearly the advantage of having separate meetings for young people. His remarks were well received.

Rev. J. N. Beard followed in remarks on "The Duties of Young Ladies in the Prayer-meeting." He held that the work of young ladies was equally as valuable as young men's. They could do many things for which they were specially adapted. Their first duty was to be at the meeting.

Prof. W. M. Searby addressed the convention on "The Work of Laymen and Women." His remarks were very practical. He showed, first, the necessity of laymen and women being fitted for the work; and, then, how they might fit themselves, by a course of study; for the work. This course was being taken by a number of members of Plymouth church, who found it very interesting and profitable.

A collection was taken to defray expenses of printing, etc., after which a vote was taken as to place of holding the next convention. It was decided to hold it at Plymouth church the first Thursday in February, 1886. The convention then adojourned.

And now comes the Prohibition vote of New York, a gain of sixty-six per cent. over that given for St. John last year, and likely to reach 35,000 when the count is finished. At the same time, Pennsylvania gives a vote of over 25,000 for Prohibition, while New Jersey doubles the St. John vote of last year. Somehow we get none of this election news in the press dispatches, but after a while it comes by mail!

In 29 counties of California the ratio divorce to marriages is 1 to 64.

How We Spent Our Vacation in China. —IV.

BY REV. C. R. HAGER.

Hitherto we have only traveled over regions already traversed by us, but now we must make a departure and accomplish the real object of this summer vacation by pressing forward into regions not yet visited by missionaries, except as they may have passed through the country upon an extended tour. In fact, we do not know as any Protestant missionary has ever visited all the cities we had in view to see. We cannot describe the beauty of the Yeung Kong valley and do it justice. On a former visit we ascended several mountains, and the view was beautiful and grand. In this entire valley there are two large cities, both of which are nearly, if not quite, as large as Oakland, and about thirty miles apart. Between them are numerous market towns and villages, where we had the pleasure of spending "the Fourth" in distributing our books and preaching to the people, and, altogether, it was a very laborious day. The Chinese would not buy books, and out throat was not in a condition to speak more than a few words, and those in great pain. We did not celebrate, for we forgot that such a day existed. It is difficult to keep up two reckonings, and very often we only remember the Chinese month and day, and then we are obliged to go back and compute the number of weeks we have been absent in order to find our exact English datum.

Our Sabbaths, as far as we are able, are spent in preaching and healing the Chinese that come to us for treatment. We have no real rest, for we are never alone, but are continually surrounded by the Chinese, and it seems to us that we can, in part, understand the feelings which prompted Jesus to say to his disciples, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile." How often have we felt the same inexpressible longing to leave for a little while these constant comers and go apart and be alone with God! We understand now, as never before, why Jesus went so often apart to pray. In the world he found little to strengthen and refresh his own spirit, but on the mountain top he met God, who strengthened him anew for his work. Sad is it for the missionary who cannot thus occasionally be alone. His "cruse of oil" for spiritual food can in no other way be filled. We are very much pleased to see that the women of this region do not bind their feet, and, certainly, it adds to their appearance, and all seem to be healthy; and, with their cylindrical hats, somewhat in the shape of half a globe, they present a picture for the artist to sketch. They are very Chinese-like, but yet their cheeks and faces do not have that pallor often visible in those who strive to improve upon the Creator's model, by bandaging their feet into knots.

On the 7th of July we pass through a singular experience, and yet God's hand preserved us from the violence of the mob and the fury of the waves, so that we can, with renewed thankfulness, say, "Bless the Lord, oh my soul!" "He is our rock." We do not always know why God permits certain things to occur, but we always do *know* that "all things work together for good to them that love God." As we pass up this mountain stream to pass over into the next prefecture, the river becomes shallower as we proceed, and we are often obliged to lend a helping hand to our boatmen, and whenever we do so, there is a little laughing indulged in. Why? Because the Chinese laborer is unaccustomed to see a gentleman touch his hands to any kind of manual labor. The gentry of China do not engage in such pursuits, and they would look in amazement to see a college president or theological professor hoe his own garden, or cut the grass of his yard. When they travel they have a great deal to say about what ought to be done by those who are beneath them, but when they are hindered in any way, or fall into danger, they never move a finger to assist those who serve them. This is always a little trying to the American spirit, which is ready to lend its helping hand in every situation, whether it be to lift an obstruction from the path, or enter the water up to the waist and push with all his might. The people along this mountain stream seem very poor, and the population is not as large as in the less hilly regions and more well-watered valleys. Yet they indulge in opium, even with all their poverty. Our journey takes us three days on foot across mountains, and on one of these days it seems as if there might be another flood. How it pours! Our clothes are already wet, but still we press on, for this is almost a desert region, where little food can be bought, and to-morrow is the Sabbath, and we must reach a certain place in order to observe the sacred day. But the rains fall and the streams rise, until there is no other alternative but we must stop at a way-side inn, where, fortunately for us, we can change our garments and obtain a little food. How thankful we are for our bed, even if it is nothing more than the boarded floor. But at last we reach the first of the six district cities we proposed to visit, having only sold but a very few books; and from henceforth, our constant and chief cry is, "Buy a book," or "Look, see," (Tai kin), "Jesus book, eight cash (mills) for one." And the people buy very readily, and some of the women have so great a desire to see us that they send their boys to call us into their yards, expressing a desire to buy our books, while they are behind the doors of their houses peeping out to see the "foreign devil." Now, we do not relish any such sly deceptions practiced upon us, for they do not care to buy our books, only to be able to catch a glimpse of us. As a rule, to be sure, they buy our books, but we always feel that the person sent to decoy us would not do so if he did not feel that he was under obligation to do so for having called us. We mention this to show our readers that there is as much curiosity in China, among the gentler sex, as in lands more civilized. If it were not a breach of etiquette they would, of course, come into the street to see us; but here is again the iron rule that governs woman and makes her the slave of custom, which permits her not to go upon the street. In this city of some 20,000 inhabitants, we experience what it is to be besieged by the constant comers, and sometimes we wonder at the patience of our landlord, who seems not very much disturbed by the throng that come and go only to gaze and stare at the new comers. Some, however, even among the literati, buy a copy of all our books, and seem desirous to become acquainted with our knowledge and religion. Here, also, we meet a Christian woman with her two sons and nephew. They have all been baptised except the youngest, by the Baptist missionaries of Canton, where they formerly lived. They had a sad story to tell of persecution and poverty, and we commiserated them in their afflictions and tried to encourage them in their Christian life. We have had little to do with Chinese women in our short stay in China, and this occurrence helped us to become somewhat acquainted with Chinese female character; and yet we know very little of it in reality. It is, indeed, a life study by itself, and foreigners are often deceived when they believe themselves to understand the situation thoroughly. Indeed, so great is the desire of the Chinese mind to gain an advantage, that even the weaker Christians are often led astray by it and sin against God.

As our journey hereafter is to consist chiefly in selling books, we send two native colporteurs off by themselves, while we proceed north to another city, where we dispose of 425 books in a few hours. We pass through the same experience as in former places visited, except that the surroundings are different. From morning until night there are idle bystanders at our window—men, boys and even women—trying to see something of us or our traveling baggage. We, however, pass another of the Lord's days in comparative quietness, and have the privilege of preaching the gospel to the people. We are on the borders of another province (Kwong Sai), and so, a few days afterwards, determine to see for ourselves what the people are like. Previous to our going we had heard all sorts of stories of the nature of the people, who were described as "rude, cruel and ready to defend themselves against the invasion of the foreigner." Indeed, two of our Canton missionaries and their families had experienced the fury of a Chinese mob, and scarcely escaped with their lives from the shower of stones that fell upon their boats. Notwithstanding all these reports, we determined to see for ourselves, and so, in company with a servant, we crossed over the boundary line of Kwong Tung into the "Broad West," as Kwong Sai is called. We had 200 books with us, and hoped to be able to sell them all before we returned. The distance to be traveled over was at least eighteen miles before we reached the market town, where we hoped to sell these gospels. On this account we arose quite early, and partook of a few Chinese cakes and a little meat, and then set forth upon our journey. Our course sometimes lay across the mountains, and again along the banks of a large stream, whose water was utilized by the farmers, by constructing great water-wheels, which raised the water from the river to the banks above, whence it flowed in all directions, to water the rice fields and the different crops that are raised. A great deal of water is used, and this is because the rice fields must constantly be covered with water—say, perhaps, two or three inches deep. Another product seen is the celebrated peanut, from which oil is made, which is the great light-giver in this part of China. Then there is the Chinese olive and bean, with the indigo plant, all of which are seen upon these country journeys. The sweet potato, with various kinds of cabbage, as well as the Chinese hemp, grow here. Among the fruits are the celebrated ly chee, lo yan, lung ngan, po lo—all these are found in this section of country. The ly chee is a fruit about the size of a small peach, incased first by a rough skin, somewhat like the bark of a tree, though not as thick; then comes the white, watery flesh, which is the part to be eaten, and at last the stone. The lung ngan (dragon eye) is about the size of a grape, and fashioned after the ly chee, with taste also somewhat like it. The lo yan and po lo are large fruits, the first about the size of a cocoanut and the latter often much larger. We are not particularly fond of them, though many foreigners eat them. All these fruits and vegetables, growing, add to the beauty of the scenery, as we hastily press forward upon our journey. At a wayside inn we stop to drink a little rice water, for we find it is much better to quench the thirst than drink so much water, and sufficient tea is not always to be had to drink as we are accustomed to drink. While we are resting ourselves a Chinaman comes up to us and knocks our hat off, as if it were the most proper thing to do. The first thing we do is to pick up our hat, and the next to take our friend down from a table to which he had escaped; and that is all the punishment inflicted for the insult offered, but it is sufficient, and he sneaks away as if he had received a whipping. The bystanders sympathize with us, and too well know that the man was guilty. They say little, except to express their surprise—"How strong that foreigner is!" Then they buy books, and all at once seem very friendly. Why? I will leave you to answer. At about 11 o'clock we arrived at our market, and for four hours we sell books. During much of the time the stones were hurled against our pith hat to try its solidity, and it is well that we had this means of protection, or we should have been seriously wounded. One man also tried his cane over our shoulders, but we continue to speak and sell books until they are nearly all sold, and then make a hasty exit and return again to our companions, having accomplished our purpose, and having seen a little of the worst side of some of the people of Kwong Sai.

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

President, Miss Lucy M. Fay, 1312 Taylor Street, San Francisco.

Treasurer, Mrs. R. E. Cole, 572 Twelfth St., Oakland, Cal.

Mrs. S. S. Smith, 1704 Geary St., San Francisco, Recording Secretary.

Mrs. H. E. Jewett, Foreign Secretary and Editress of "Column," Hopkins Academy, Oakland, Cal.

Mrs. J. H. Warren, 1526 Eddy St., San Francisco, and Mrs. I. E. Dwinell, Pacific Theological Seminary, Oakland, Home Secretaries.

Home Secretary's Report.

The churches are saying to us this evening, "Watchman, what of the night?" We want to say very quietly and confidentially that there has been a good deal of night lately, which we think *might* have been daylight. If all the women who are members of our churches would each give two cents a week for this work, and we should not increase the amount pledged, we never need have another anxiety on the score of money matters. If they should find this so easy that they would give five cents a week, we could say to the American Board, "Give us $11,000 worth of work for the coming year." The women of our churches have this matter all in their own hands—not the ministers' wives and a few of the burden-bearers who have shared our anxieties in connection with each of their own auxiliaries—but the women of our churches. Our auxiliaries, as a whole, have worked grandly, but they do not embrace all the church members nor all the churches. We want auxiliaries in all of them. We want their help. We want their prayers. If the small churches cannot do much they may do a little. Philip Brooks says: "Not one brown and withered leaf falls to the ground but the shape of the planet is changed. So, there is not one little act of yours, one whispered prayer that his kingdom may come, but becomes a factor in the world's redemption." The monthly meetings of our Board have been well attended, and those of the Executive Committee have been especially pleasant, to say nothing of several delightful little tea-drinkings, one with Dr. Beckwith's church, one with Mr. Pond's and one with Mr. Noble's.

We have welcomed our first branch this year, although Mrs. Bosworth insists on calling it a bud. Oregon and Washington have been contributing in a quiet way to our treasury, but this year they are working with a will. They astonished us a while ago with the information that, if we were willing, they would take upon themselves the support of Mrs. Holbrook, our young missionary in Africa. We would not give her up to everybody, but our branch—certainly, they can have her. The number of our auxiliaries is increasing every year. We have now seventy-one. In some cases the first we know of their existence is a pleasant reminder in the form of a contribution. Only a little while ago we were trying to get a piano for our Broussa school. It was spoken of in The Pacific. A response came from a little town way up in Dakota. Another, a generous soul—Mrs. George Locke—in California, gave forty-five dollars, and others smaller sums, which our Foreign Secretary joyfully sent to far-away Turkey, the whole amount being $108.50. The work that has been most hopeful and encouraging this year has been done among the young people.

In February letters were sent to all of their societies, inviting their officers to a meeting at Hopkins Academy. Those who were not able to be present were requested to send letters, telling us of their hopes and fears, and giving plans of work. At this meeting eight societies were represented. Nearly all the others wrote, some bright and cheerful letters, others looking a little on the shady side, while some had fainted by the way, hauled down their colors, and signed themselves ex-workers. The girls who were there were full of real, genuine enthusiasm. "No such word as fail" was written all over their faces. We felt strong with such backing. One of the first fruits of that meeting was seventeen letters written by those girls to the societies not represented, telling them the work was one, the interest should be one—letters of sympathy, encouragement and cheer. These *seem* only letters to us from one young girl to another, but, as we look along the ages, what vast results may flow from them! Spiritual forces extend far beyond this life, and grasp the unknown. Another result of this meeting in February was the valuable missionary box that has recently been sent to San Sebastian. The young ladies thought it would give new interest to their societies if, when they met to talk about missions, they could do some practical thing for missionaries. So they have worked on exceedingly practical things. Not a pin-cushion or a bit of bric-a-brac found its way into that box. It was a box full of solid comfort. We can imagine the eyes of the Spanish girls growing brighter and their cheeks rosier, as they receive these tokens of love from their fairer sisters.

One more thing which has occurred to make us joyful (not in connection with that meeting, however) is the consecration of a young life to the service of Christ in Japan. One of the King's young daughters has gone forth from among the Bethany gleaners to be a light-bearer. Have we any conception of the meaning of that word? The girls gave Miss Gunnison a farewell reception in Dr. McLean's church the second week in August, at which meeting there were present one hundred and twenty-five young ladies and four missionaries. It was intensely interesting. There are many of the churches whose young people are not working in this direction. We hope to welcome them all into this loving service.

Since September 1st, when this report properly closed, the increasing interest of our young ladies has taken definite form in a meeting to consider the matter of a State organization. Quite a large number of young ladies were present, and they voted in the affirmative upon the advisability of forming a State branch of the Woman's Board of Missions. They also appointed a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws and nominate officers, all of which action was ratified at a young ladies' meeting held at Berkeley October 8th. Mrs. I. E. Dwinell,

Home Sec'y W. B. M. P.

Miss Gunnison.

Long and interesting letters have been received from Miss Gunnison, extracts from which will probably be read at the young ladies' meeting next Saturday afternoon, in Plymouth-avenue church, Oakland. Miss Gunnison arrived in Yokohama on Monday, October 5th, after quite a rough and stormy passage. But, as she expresses it, "the dangers of the voyage were not over" when they reached there. After leaving Yokohama, having changed steamers at that port, they "encountered a most dreadful typhoon," which lasted about twelve hours, during which time "one of the lifeboats was carried away, and all the staterooms were soaked with water. The waves dashed over the vessel. Many of the port-hole windows were cracked, and the vessel shook and rattled as though all the demons Satan could muster together were trying to break it to pieces." For a few moments they were "in the trough of the sea, the cargo shifted to one side, and had the vessel not been turned very soon, they must have all been lost." Miss Gunnison arrived in Kobe on Saturday forenoon, October 19th, and "found everything far more lovely than she ever dared to expect." Misses Clarkson, Hooper and Searle met her at 7 o'clock, and invited her and others to breakfast on shore, an invitation which was gladly accepted. Judging from that breakfast, Miss Gunnison says, "I find I am in no danger of starving, as some of my friends feared." The question of her location is as yet unsettled. If she does not remain in the Kobe school she will probably fill our long-cherished Miss Starkweather's place in Kioto. Miss Gunnison's preference seems to be decidedly in favor of Kioto, but she is asking guidance of the Master, and no doubt will cheerfully go where he directs.

The first quarterly meeting of the Young Ladies' Branch of the W. B. M. P. will be held Saturday afternoon, November 21st, at 2:30, in the chapel of the Plymouth-avenue church, Oakland.

Riverside auxiliary reports, through their Secretary, Miss Cull, a membership of twenty-three, instead of eleven, as erroneously appeared in the column.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We have received, with the compliments of Captain J. B. Eads, a New York paper containing a handsome notice of the "Interoceanic Ship Railway," which he is urging upon the public attention—to be constructed, at great expense, across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. We have do doubt that the project is feasible, that the roadbed could be constructed for for a moderate sum, and that locomotives could be built adequate to the task of moving the largest ships, when once on the track. One trouble is with the wear and strain upon loaded vessels, in being conveyed in this manner, and with the necessarily large expense of such a mode of transporting them. Nothing but an experiment will solve either of these problems which perplex us. We believe it worth while to try the experiment, and therefore are in favor of the project. Success would be of vast service to mankind; favoring commerce not only, but every form of public good, the greatest of which must ever be the advancement of true religion in all lands.

A noted literary man, now some years gone dead, himself nervous, sensitive, easily annoyed, a syborite somewhat, had much to say of silence, and the eternal silences, all the long life he lived. He was even noisy in his advocacy of silence. In the main, he was right on the question. In general, silence is far more a virtue than speech. What if every assembly for social purposes needs some brilliant conversationalists? What if every church wants some good talkers? What if music has its place, and eloquence its sphere, and sympathetic voices their power? These are for the occasion, the hour, the moment. But for intervals, relatively long and silent, these would cease to please. There is a place in the world, after all, for reticent men, and silent women, and for a great deal of thinking that does not rush into speech. The grace of listening is necessary to the charm of speaking.

A copy of the *Wisconsin State Journal* of October 30, 1885, has reached us, containing a full report of the proceedings of the thirty-ninth annual meeting of the American Missionary Association, held at Madison, Wis., the last week in October. The report fills nearly four pages of the *Journal*, and is well made up. The meeting was a decided success. The "papers" and "addresses" were fresh, interesting and instructive. The names mentioned here and there brought to mind forms that were familiar to us in our youth. The Association has had a prosperous and happy year in its work, but is left with a debt of $30,000, which ought not to last. It cares for "poor whites," blacks, red men and "yellow men" on the North American continent, and deserves a larger income and a wider sympathy from all the churches of our Coast and our country.

We learn, from the London papers, that the Primate of the Church of England has issued forms of prayer for use in certain dioceses with reference to the approaching elections in Great Britain. It is good to read of such an event in so conservative a body as the English Church Establishment. It would be natural to look for such a proceeding as this among the Congregational churches. Such churches pray for the wisdom and grace of God in all the affairs of life, but particularly in those which pertain to the public welfare and the common weal. But it has not been customary for the Bishops of the Established Church of England to offer their dioceses forms to be used, and request the use of them in all the parish churches. Let God be implored and thanked!

Plato says, through the lips of Phædrus, "No man is such a coward that love would not inspire him to valor [virtue]; that he would become like him who is bravest [best] by nature." And in the Song of Songs in the Bible, it is said, "Love is stronger than death"; "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." Most obvious it is, therefore, that, in any grand sphere of action the failures of most mortals are due to lack of love. Had we the knack of loving vastly, the faculty to originate grandeurs of affection, the capacity to take all being and beauty into our inner selves, what prodigies we would be—what wonders become! In all seriousness, we ought to consider how much energy there is in loving much to make us great, robust, and heroic, to the very limit of our capacities.

The *Evangelical Messenger* well says: "Christianity works while infidelity talks. She feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, visits and cheers the sick, and seeks the lost, while infidelity abuses her and babbles nonsense and profanity. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'"

Are Revivals Desirable, and How May They Be Secured?

[A paper by Rev. O. W. Lucas, read at the meeting of the Upper Columbia Association of Congregational Churches in Walla Walla, October 7, 1885.]

A few months ago the whole country was covered with clouds, the ground cold and frozen, the vines clinging to their supports by a life that seemed to be a thing of the past, and the branches of the trees standing up against the sky, as it were, like dead sticks, with no note of happy songster proceeding from their midst. Weeks passed; the clouds gave up their moisture in gentle showers, and sped away before the breezes, stirred by the returning strength of the sun, whose warmth penetrated the earth, touched the heart of vegetable life and roused it into action. Buds opened, leaves came forth, blossoms beautified the earth, and field and orchard brought forth food for man and beast. Did not man and beast rejoice in this renewal of life, and think it a desirable blessing? Why, then, when worldliness and self-seeking spreads her chilling cloud of indifference and neglect over the churches, and hearts grow cold and hard, and church members seem like dead sticks set up within the fold of religion, should we not rejoice and be glad at the coming of showers of divine grace and the light and warmth of heavenly love which opens the hearts of Christians and quickens them into new and fruitful life? Why should we not think such quickening a thing greatly to be desired and eagerly to be sought after?

One day I passed a small field of grain waving in the sunshine, while all around was a barren waste. Months sped away, and I passed that place again. The husbandman had been there, plowed that barren waste and sowed it with seed, to which God had sent the rain and sunshine; and behold! now were broad acres of golden grain, in place of the small field; and I looked upon it as a result for which the husbandman might well be truly thankful. So, methinks, every Christian heart would be rejoiced to see the soil of the world broken up, the pure seed of gospel truth sown therein and visited by the sunshine and shower of divine love and grace, until the many churches throughout our land and world should embrace countless multitudes of souls ripening for the garners of God above.

But the question, "Are revivals desirable?" has arisen, I suppose, because this western country has, from time to time, been visited by many religious movements under the name of revivals of religion, in regard to which there is a growing question in the minds of many who are seeking to advance the highest interests of Christ's kingdom by the true conversion and salvation of immortal souls, whether or not such religious movements ought longer to be countenanced; for to them these movements seem to be revivals of religious fanaticism, as, for instance, "the holiness movement"; or revivals of religious heresy, as the "Seventh-day Adventist movement"; or revivals of blind religious excitements, which, like heavy torrents of rain or cloud-bursts, gather in their embrace every unstable element, and rush and roar along the channels of religious feeling, leaving behind many a bleeding Christian heart, many a crushed aspiration after God, and the soil of human hearts beaten down into immovable indifference or contempt of religion, and doubly exposed to the consuming rays of worldly greed and selfishness—a devastating flood of human folly in the line of denominational zeal and fanaticism and heretical dogma.

Are such revivals of religion desirable? Ask the thrifty farmer whether or not the effects of the cloud-burst or cyclone, swooping down upon his tender vines and growing grain, and upon his home as well, are beneficent and to be devoutly desired. Like him, so may every pastor dread the effects of these cyclones of religious fanaticism and heresy and blind religious gush, which so often go by the misnomer of revivals of religion.

What, then, is a revival of religion, properly so called? An eminently successful revivalist has said that "a revival of religion is the renewal of the first love of Christians, resulting in the awakening and conversion of sinners to God." By way of further definition, I would remark negatively, that any movement that falls short of a renewal or quickening of the spirit of loving obedience to God in the hearts and lives of professing Christians, or a begetting of the spirit of such obedience in the unconverted, is not worthy the name of a revival of religion. The question as to how such a revival may be secured is one of the most, if not the most, important questions connected with the ongoing of Christ's kingdom in the world, and a question upon which many have theorized much, but is most difficult of positive answer. Many a devoted pastor and earnest preacher, with heart overflowing with eager longings for the salvation of souls, has labored untiringly to secure this result, but, humanly speaking, with little or no success, and they themselves cannot discover the cause of failure. It, therefore, becomes one of almost no experience to speak with humility and caution upon the solution of a question which has weighed upon the mind of every true-hearted Christian worker. The very idea of securing revivals implies that it lies within the province of human agency, by the use of appropriate means, to secure them. Nothing is more certain than that God ever stands ready to bestow his renewing grace and blessing, and that, so far as he is concerned, he is not limited to times and seasons, and yet the history of revivals indicates special seasons of the bestowment of God's renewing grace and converting power. This, however, is, doubtless, by way of accommodation to the requirements of human agencies and conditions. We may, therefore, inquire: What are the essential conditions and the appropriate means for the securing of this much desired blessing from God? In the first place, there are some things not essential. Pastors are sometimes tempted to think that certain external appointments are quite necessary under the circumstances as they exist in their town; *e. g.*, a large and commodious place of meeting, somewhat novel in arrangement and more common than a church, from which no one will be kept away by prejudice. While such may, perhaps, be desirable in some cases, yet, for lack of it, we must not excuse ourselves from doing what we can with the appointments at hand. A church that has been kept sacred to the Lord is a good place in which to meet the Lord, for in such he has promised to dwell. Some have the idea that a large crowd of people is necessary, or, at least, exceedingly desirable, and think that if people do not throng the place of meeting the movement is not of much importance, whereas, it is seriously to be questioned whether a crowd is even desirable, especially in the beginning, when it is often necessary to spend some time in arousing Christians—a work that ought not to be necessary. If professing Christians need to be scolded and denounced as hypocrites, it should not be done in the presence of a crowd of unbelieving critics, excuse-hunters and amusement-seekers.

Another popular idea is that nothing can be done without some noted evangelist from abroad; whereas, in many instances, the supposed advantages to be thus gained are far outweighed by the disadvantages. He must be a man of unusual humility, consecration and susceptibility to the guiding influence of the Holy Spirit, or he is likely to fail to apprehend the situation and to divide aright the Word of truth.

Of the positive conditions which seem most essential in securing a revival, the one of first importance is a deep-felt need of a revival. The blessings of God's grace are too rich to be bestowed where there is no probability of their being received with a good degree of appreciation and a disposition to appropriate them. Such a deep-felt need is the only motive that will lead the Church to put forth the proper effort in the use of appropriate means.

The history of revivals shows that gracious outpourings of God's Spirit have sometimes sprung from a deep-felt need on the part of only a handful of Christian women, and in some cases on the part of a single devoted follower of Jesus, and in a few cases, when this deep-felt need was manifest only in the heart of a single unconverted person, so that there is hope for that church in which there is a single soul that feels this deep need and eager longing for an outpouring of God's Spirit. One with the Lord is a mighty host. Yet it is exceedingly desirable that this need be deeply felt by every member of the church. When this is the case, a revival is certain, for such a feeling of need will drive Christians to God with a mighty cry for help and blessing, and will move to most earnest and untiring effort to win souls to God.

Another important condition is that the leader of the revival, whether pastor or evangelist, be not only alive to this need, but in most vital union with Christ. Christ has said, "If ye abide in me, and my word abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." This abiding in Christ is necessary in order that all the gentle influences of the Holy Spirit may be quickly felt—that the stillest and smallest voice of heavenly and divine influence may touch the cords of his heart and reverberate through his soul, giving wise direction to his actions, and enabling him to discern the times and the seasons, and rightly to divide the Word of truth.

A similar abiding in Christ on the part of every member of the band of Christian workers associated with the leader is essential that they may all be actuated by the same motives, and permeated by the same holy influences, all working together to the one aim of saving souls, which must be the supreme aim, in comparison with which every other aim should sink into utter nothingness. Without such a band of associates, thus actuated and inspired, the leader's task is one under which he is likely to grow weary and faint.

Still another condition of success is expectancy. To expect a revival is the evidence of faith in God's ability and willingness to bestow his blessing and faith in the means which he has appointed for the conviction and conversion of souls. It spurs to the use of every appropriate means. It encourages the wavering ones to stand at the post of duty. To expect sinners to repent, and to repent now, and take their stand for Christ, encourages them to do this, and assures them of sympathy and help. Of the means to be employed, the one without which no success is attainable is the prayer of faith. The real power to renew and convert belongs to God; unless, therefore, God bestow his blessing upon the means used and the efforts put forth, the work will come to nought. There have been many attempts to substitute novel methods and overwrought earnestness of manner for the power of God. Such things sometimes catch souls, but do not convert them. God's spirit alone can render the work effectual. The means fixed by God himself by which the bestowment of his blessing is to be secured is earnest, humble, and believing prayer. This alone is the key which unlocks heaven's store house of renewing and regenerating grace; hence, the importance of prayer as the means of securing a revival—prayer by the leader, and prayer by the people—such prayer as is begotten of an insatiable longing for the divine blessing, a longing that will not be put down. Next to prayer is the Word of God. This is the ground work of Christian character, and the divinely appointed means of conviction and persuasion. Jesus says: "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life"; and the writer of the epistle to the Hebrews says: "The word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword." This word is the means made use of by the holy Spirit in his part of the work; as Jesus says: "When the Spirit of truth is come, he shall testify of me." "He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." It is "the gospel of Christ" that "is the power of God unto salvation"; and nowhere do we find such divine power given to the relating of personal experience and to religious harangues made up of the narration of personal achievements and stories manufactured to suit the occasion. In order to genuine conviction, repentance and conversion, and the building of stable Christian character, there must be an intelligent conception of the fundamental truths of God's word—a knowledge of God, and of man's relation and obligation to him, of the nature of sin and its penalty, of man's lost condition, and of God's marvelous plan of salvation. These truths have a natural relation to and dependence upon each other; hence, care must be taken to give each truth its proper place. Why are there so many unstable converts and professing Christians in this country? It is largely because their conviction and conversion was not based upon an intelligent and reasonable conception of the fundamental truths of God's Word. It is not in the nature of half truths and of particularisms to produce Christian character. The preaching of these may produce dogged fanaticism and sectarianism, but never stable Christian character. A great many other means have been employed by Christian workers, but believing prayer for the co-operation of the holy Spirit, and a right division of the Word of God, faithfully applied by all Christian workers, are the means upon which we must rely for success; for these are the divinely appointed means upon which God has based his promise of help and blessing.

Literary.

Two new volumes from our Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society for our libraries and homes are received. One is "Katie Robertson"; or, "In All thy Ways Acknowledge Him," a tale of factory life, and "Three Years at Glenwood," a sequel to "Katie Robertson." Both are by Margaret E. Winslow. In the first volume it was the writer's purpose "to set forth some of the temptations incident to the life of girls supporting themselves by work in a paper mill"; in the second volume, "to indicate those which surround the same and similar girls during the boarding-school preparation for an active part in life." The writer tells us that the scenes and incidents are, in the main, reproductions of real scenes and incidents, with change of names, and, of course, with a somewhat different thread of connection. The books look clean and fair, and they may be trusted to be so. We older folks may tire of so many stories, but the younger readers are all the time eager for them.

The *Overland* is certainly winning a stronger position. We note, in particular, this November, Mr. Hittell's account of Governor Alvarado. Professor Le Conte's "Rough Notes of His Yosemite Trip," Mr. J. S. Bacon's "Cruise of The Panda," and Mrs. Fisher's paper on "The New Mills College." The editorial department is full and discriminating in the handling of matters with which it has to deal. San Francisco: 120 Sutter street; $4.00 yearly.

RECEIVED.—No. 7 of "Hood's Carols," published at 1018 Arch street, Philadelphia, contains an abundance of good material for a Christmas Service of Song. "Tune Pictures" is a Christmas cantata, by Dr. Seveney, published at the same place, is also very excellent for a Christmas service. Both are warmly commended to those arranging for such services.

Broad Culture for Women.

Women are pressing forward as never before into the various avenues of industry. This is as it should be. In our complex life, the process of differentiation must be more and more marked, as new discoveries open new fields of labor. But it still remains that brain is more than brawn; that the inventor is greater than the machine; that the real source of all material and social progress is found in the trained intellect, the broadened culture, of the wisely educated men and women of the time. Great thoughts are born in the minds that have learned *how* to think. Great inventions are the fruit of keen perceptions, trained to look below the surface, and a well-developed judgment, accustomed to investigate the logical relations of discovered truths. Real material progress results from trained minds guiding skilled hands.

The two mischievous tendencies which the teacher of the present age has to combat are the superficiality born of frivolous views of life already mentioned, and that more potent, because more specious, enemy voiced in the clamor for *practical education*, which, being interpreted, means the ability to earn money at the earliest possible age. This latter is by no means an obstacle in the education of boys alone. Many times has the writer, when urging upon girls the broad culture which language and literature give, been met with the reply: "I shall not need that for a teacher's examination"; and, on the other hand, when advocating the study of more technical branches, or the extension of a short school course, has had the answer: "I don't see of what use it would be to me to learn anything more; I don't intend to teach school."—*Katharine B. Fisher, in November Overland.*

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Home Circle.

WHY WILL YE DIE?

A great Rock stands in a weary land,
And its shadows fall on the parched sand,
And it calls to the travelers passing by—
"I will shelter thee here continually."
Then why will ye die?
Oh, why will ye die,
When the sheltering Rock is standing by?
Oh, why! Oh, why will ye die!

A great Well lies in a weary land,
And its waters call over life's rough strand
That the great well is deep, with waters rife,
Springing up into everlasting life.
Then why will ye die?
Oh, why will ye die,
When the great deep Well is standing by?
Oh, why! Oh, why will ye die?

A wide Fold stands in a weary land,
And the sheep are called on every hand;
And the shepherd no wanderer turns away,
But he changes his darkness into day.
Then why will ye die?
Oh, why will ye die,
When the great wide Fold is standing by!
Oh, why! Oh, why will ye die!

A rough Cross stands near a city wall,
Where the Saviour dies, out of love for all;
Where the angels still tell the message blest,
That the way now is plain to endless rest!
Then why will ye die?
Oh, why will ye die,
When the blood-stained Cross is standing by!
Oh, why! Oh, why will ye die!

—*London Freeman.*

Pinkie's Revenge.

"What a perfect shame that she got here to-day!"

"Sh— sh—. She might hear you!"

"Nonsense! She is down in the reception-room. I don't suppose, if she is from the backwoods, she has got ears that can hear through floors."

"Girls, I am ashamed of you. How can you be so unfeeling toward your own cousin?"

"I don't care, mamma; she is sure to be awkward and dowdy. How can we have her at the dinner-table to-night? I shall die of mortification to have to introduce her to Mr. Morris as our cousin."

"Perhaps she will be too tired to come down to dinner after such a long ride."

"Oh! mamma, bless you for the thought. You can tell her that she is too tired. You can arrange it, I know."

"Well, I'll try."

Those were the sentences that fell on the ears of Priscilla Bent as she sat alone, waiting to see the aunt and cousins whom she had come all the way from Kansas to New York to visit, of whose welcome she felt as sure as if she had known them all her life.

"Pinkie! What a name!" continued the first speaker. "Who ever heard of such a name, except for a dog?"

"Her name is Priscilla," replied the mother, "but Pinkie was given to her by her father, when she was a little girl, on account of her pink cheeks."

"Well, I shall call her Priscilla."

"And I, too."

"Your father will not like it," said Mrs. Bent. "But we must go down."

A swift rush of three women down the staircase, three loud exclamations of dismay at the sight of the empty reception-room, looks of dismay and a whisper of vexation.

"How stupid of Ben! Do you suppose she heard—"

These were the next scenes in the swift little drama which here began so inauspiciously under Mr. Silas Bent's roof that morning. And next to these followed one which seemed almost a justification of all that the Misses Bent had said in regard to their cousin. Slowly rising to her feet, grasping her umbrella firmly in her left hand, rose a tall, an exceedingly tall, young woman, who exclaimed in a nasal voice, "Well, I was jest a comin' to look ye up. I didn't know as that fine black gentleman o' yourn had condescended to let you know I was here. I'm most tired to death, I tell you. Four days and four nights in the cars is enough to kill an ox. But I'll be all right 's soon's I get my coffee. I reckon breakfast's all cleared away by this time. But I don't want much—only a cup of coffee, if the cook hain't thrown it out. I'm real glad to see you. I s'pose uncle got my letter, didn't he?" And pausing in her breathless speech, pretty Priscilla Bent looked sheepishly into the faces of her equally shamefaced relatives. If they had not been too guiltily disturbed in their own minds of fears of having been overheard in their inhospitable comments, they might have detected a strange look on their Kansas cousin's face—a mixture of twinkle and terror. But they saw and heard nothing except what so thoroughly corroborated their worst fears. Even Mrs. Bent herself, who had resolved beforehand to be thoroughly kind to the child of her husband's favorite brother, was thrown off her balance, and, in spite of herself, the welcome she gave was curt and cool.

But nothing appeared to daunt the terrible Pinkie. Radiant good humor shone in her face; her tongue ran like a clapper, and when the dinner party was mentioned, Pinkie cried:

"Not much! I ain't too tired. I'll just bunk down, and by six o'clock I'll be as fresh as a rooster! We don't often get a chance to a regular dinner party out in Emporia, and I don't mean to miss one this winter. Say—shall I wear my very best? I've read about the kind of clothes you New Yorkers wear to dinners. But I've got some A No. 1 gowns, I tell you. Now, you just show me my room, and I'll go straight to bed an' stay there till dinner time. You let your black man bring me up a tumbler of milk, will ye, along about one o'clock, and a doughnut or a hard tack? I'm used to eatin' heartily in the middle o' the day."

When the door was finally shut, her aunt and cousins exchanged looks.

"Horrible!" cried the youngest daughter, Carrie. "It's worse than I ever conceived. How could papa send for her?"

"He has not seen her since she was ten years old," said Mrs. Bent, dismally. "Of course, he could not dream she would be like this. He has always said her mother was a charming woman; and they lived in Europe for several years when she was little."

"Bunk down!" ejaculated the eldest daughter, Sophia.

"Fresh as a rooster!" echoed Carrie. "Mamma, I shall go to bed myself and be too ill to appear to-night. I never can live through it; never! I don't believe Mr. Morris will ever cross our threshold again."

"Then he is welcome to stay away," said Mrs. Bent, hotly.

While this distressed consultation was going on between Mrs. Bent and her daughters, Pinkie, safely locked in her room, was holding one with herself. Tears sparkled in her eyes, but her face was full of mirth.

"I will!" she muttered. "I will do it! It will be good enough for them. I know I can. It will teach them a good lesson. But I'll have to work like a Trojan to get the dress ready. Let me see what I have got that will do? Ha! I have it. That old tableau dress will be just the thing."

"How lucky I brought it!" she chuckled, as she shook out the folds of a white muslin made in the most antiquated country fashion. "Now I can go to sleep and rest easy for an hour. 'Awkward and dowdy,' that is what I will be," and in five minutes mischievous Pinkie Bent was sound asleep.

Anxiety and vexation had made Carrie ill, and it was with a most unbecoming flush on her harassed face that she appeared in the drawing-room a few moments before the dinner. There sat the cousin from Kansas! Was ever such a figure seen in a New York drawing-room before?

A plain white muslin, made in the shepherdess style, very full and very short, scarlet stockings, a broad scarlet sash—and, worst of all, on the head a turban of white muslin, with a scarlet poppy flaunting in front! This was what the malicious Pinkie had done with herself—malicious Pinkie, whose trunks were full of exquisite French gowns such as her cousins had never owned, and not often seen. She knew, at least, that the opals on her soft white neck would command a certain sort of respect, even from her inhospitable relatives.

"Thank heaven she wore them. That will show people she at least has money. That necklace couldn't have cost less than $1,000."

"Yes," replied Pinkie, nonchalantly. "Ma likes 'em best of all she's got. They're ma's. I like flowers better. I'm great on artificial flowers; always wear 'em every day."

The guests were already arriving, Mr. Bent himself among them, he having, according to the fashion of New York business men, arrived home only in time to dress for dinner. His heart was so full of affectionate welcome for his niece whom he remembered well as a beautiful child of ten, only half a dozen years ago—that he did not at first note anything but the lovely uplifted eyes and affectionate voice.

As the dinner progressed, even unobservant Mr. Bent became aware that his niece's attire was not what it should be, and that her voice was too loud. "But the women folks can soon straighten that all out, and the child's as pretty as a picture."

So also thought the Hon. Mr. Morris, who, to Carrie's vexation, on being told by her that the young lady in white was a cousin, who had arrived most inopportunely from Kansas, had exclaimed: "From Kansas! How delighted I am. That is the state of all others I am most interested in seeing. I am going out there in the spring. "If all the Kansas ladies have so wonderful a complexion as your cousin that is another reason for visiting the region. Pray present me to her, will you? I should like to ask her many questions. Perhaps, ah—" he stammered, with the curious mixture of diffidence and audacity one so often sees in Englishmen, "perhaps your mother will be so very good as to let me have the pleasure of sitting by her side at dinner—that is, if it will not disarrange your plans."

"I am quite sure mamma will not relinquish the pleasure of having you chiefly to herself at dinner," quickly responded Carrie, her heart full of anger and mortification. Nevertheless, several times in the course of the dinner Mr. Morris heard the shrill voice, and thought to himself: "What a pity the American voice is so high pitched."

When the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room, Mr. Morris looked eagerly for the Kansas cousin. Not seeing her, he accosted Mrs. Bent with true English bluffness: "I don't see your niece from Kansas; I hope she has not gone; I was counting on talking with her all the rest of the evening."

With mingled resentment and confusion, Mrs. Bent replied: "My niece went up-stairs immediately after dinner."

In truth, Mrs. Bent was in a state of nervous bewilderment. Without for a moment suspecting the real reason of Pinkie's withdrawal, she had perceived that the girl was greatly moved as she came swiftly to her when they were entering the drawing-room.

"Aunt, I must ask you to excuse me. I am going up-stairs to change my dress. I was not dressed as I should have been."

"Never mind, child; never mind."

Pinkie was gone.

It did not take long for her to finish her transformation touches. The dainty white surah silk, with billowy reaches of white lace from belt to hem, the soft, clinging gloves to the shoulders, the opal bracelets, the white ostrich feather fan, the white satin slippers—all were in readiness. But at last Pinkie's heart failed her.

"It was a shameful trick to play on them. I shall cry, I know I shall, and I'd rather die than cry before that Englishman."

At last she stole down slowly, hesitatingly. Black Ben caught sight of her first, and reeled back with excitement.

It was an unerring instinct which led Pinkie, on entering the drawing-room, to glide swiftly to her uncle's side, and, putting both hands into his, say:

"Dear Uncle Silas, won't you make my peace with aunt, and ask your friends here to forgive me for masquerading at your dinner?"

Before she had half finished speaking the company had gathered around her.

"I must say," began Mrs. Bent, in an angry tone. But Pinkie went on resolutely.

"I could not resist the temptation to live up to the New Yorkers' idea of a Kansas girl just for an hour or two. You know that I was exactly the sort of a person you all expected to see from the West." She gathered courage as she saw smiles. "Yes, you all know it," embracing the group in her appealing glance, "and we out West all know it. Then forgive me, dear Uncle Silas, won't you?" But Uncle Silas was laughing too heartily. He bent over and kissed her forehead.

"I ask them all to forgive me for kissing you," he said. "A capital joke, Pinkie!"

"The best bit of acting I ever saw," cried the Hon. Mr. Morris; "quite clever; very neat. Upon my word, though, I do think now, really, Miss Bent, I should have seen through it; I don't think you could have deceived me."

"I should not have tried," replied Pinkie, very simply. Yet there was a certain indefinable something in her tone which made the Hon. Mr. Morris change color.

There are no words in which to describe the embarrassment of Mrs Bent and her daughters.

"Had Pinkie overheard what they said about her?"

They sounded her as far as they dared. But they never found out.

To only one person did Pinkie ever tell the whole. That was to the Hon. Mr. Morris, after she had been for some weeks his wife.

"I thought it was so unjust in them, Frank," she said—"so cruel—I'd just give them a lesson and let them see that manners may be only skin deep, easily put on or off. But I'd never have done it, Frank, if I had seen you first—never. I wanted to run out of the room as soon as I saw you look at me."

"You needn't to have," replied the Hon. Mr. Morris; "for I thought as soon as my eyes fell on you that I had never seen so lovely a face before."

"Did you really?" asked Pinkie.

"Really," answered the Hon. Mr. Morris.—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

Structure of Yosemite Rock.

Already I observe two very distinct kinds of structure in the granite of this region, which, singly or combined, determine all the forms about this wonderful valley. These two kinds of structure are the concentric structure, on an almost inconceivably grand scale; and a rude columnar structure, or perpendicular cleavage, also on a grand scale. The disintegration and exfoliation of the granite masses of the concentric structure give rise to the bald, rounded domes; the structure itself is well seen in Sentinel Dome, and especially in the Royal Arches. The columnar structure, by disintegration, gives rise to Washington Column, and the sharp peaks, like Sentinel Rock and Cathedral Spires. Both these structures exist in the same granite, though the one or the other may predominate. In *all* the rocks about Yosemite there is a tendency to cleave perpendicularly. In addition to this, in many, there is also a tendency to cleave in concentric layers, giving rise to dome-like forms. Both are well seen combined in the grand mass of Half Dome. The perpendicular face-wall of this dome is the result of the perpendicular cleavage. Whatever may be our theory of the formation of Yosemite chasm and the perpendicularity of its cliffs, we must not leave out of view this tendency to perpendicular cleavage. I observe, too, that the granite here is very coarse-grained, and disintegrates into dust with great rapidity.—*Professor Joseph Le Conte in November Overland.*

A prominent citizen of Jones county, Miss., who stood high in the church, made a visit to Meridian recently, and upon his return told his neighbors he had seen ice manufactured in that town with the thermometer standing at ninety-eight degrees. It soon became a settled fact in the minds of the members of the church that Brother Blank had degenerated into an able liar. Charges were preferred against him, and a committee of church members were appointed to visit Meridian and convict the erring brother of lying. They went, saw the ice manufactured, and, returning home, so reported to a meeting of all the church members. A look of astonishment on the faces of the assembled brethren soon gave way to one of indignation, and Brother Blank and the entire committee were incontinently expelled from the church.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Kaiser Wilhelm is looked upon as a stern old soldier, a worthy successor of the Great Frederick, who delighted in war, but in his commanding the evacuation of the Caroline Islands gives evidence of being in sympathy with the spirit of the age—to avoid war when the matter can be justly settled by arbitration. To the Tory administration must be given equal praise as regards the Afghan question with Russia—following in the footsteps of the Gladstone administration.—*Ex.*

Household.

TO GET RID OF COCKROACHES.—A correspondent writes as follows: "I beg to forward you an easy, clean, and certain method of eradicating those loathsome insects from dwelling houses. A few years ago my house was infested with cockroaches (or 'clocks,' as they are called here), and I was recommended to try cucumber peeling as a remedy. I accordingly, immediately before bedtime, strewed the floor of those parts of the house most infested with the vermin with the green peel, cut not very thin, from the cucumber, and sat up half an hour later than usual to watch the effect. Before the expiration of that time the floor where the peel lay was completely covered with cockroaches, so much so that the vegetable could not be seen, so voraciously were they engaged in sucking the poisonous moisture from it. I adopted the same plan the following night, but my visitors were not nearly so numerous—I should think not more than a fourth of the previous night. On the third night I did not discover one; but, anxious to ascertain whether the house was quite clear of them, I examined the peel after I had laid it down about half an hour, and perceived that it was covered with myriads of minute cockroaches, about the size of a flea. I therefore allowed the peel to remain till morning, and from that morning I have not seen a cockroach in the house. It is a very old building, and I can assure you that the above remedy only requires to be persevered in for three or four nights to completely eradicate the pest. Of course, it should be fresh cucumber peel every night."—*Confectioner's Journal.*

NURSING THE SICK.—To those who are called upon to nurse the sick through a long and severe illness, it is of the utmost importance, not only to themselves, but to their patients, that their own health should be preserved and their own strength maintained, not only throughout the critical stage, but during the period of convalescence, sometimes so tediously prolonged. To all such we submit the following simple precautions, to aid them in preserving their own health while attending to the sick: If the malady of the patient be such as to cause any marked odor of the breath or noticeable exhalation from the skin, take care always to sit on that side of the bed or sick person which is opposite to or away from the direction which the effluvia takes toward the window or fire-place. Sit so that their breath, etc., is carried away from you. Do not sit too close to them to take their breath, if you can avoid it. To keep one's strength in case of prolonged care, and particularly if obliged to sit up all night for many nights in succession, great benefit will be derived from taking a warm bath early in the morning, and putting on fresh undergarments every second morning; or, if the disease be particularly infectious in its nature, it is best to change the underclothing every morning. It will be found that the warm bath, followed by briskly rubbing the whole body with a coarse Turkish towel or brush, will refresh the wearied body almost as much as sleep.—*Christian Union.*

STEWED LAMB A LA JARDINIERE.—Lay a breast of lamb, or two scrags, in a broad pot, meat downward. Scatter over this a sliced turnip, a sliced lemon and two sliced tomatoes, with a little pepper and salt. Add less than a cupful of broth from your soup, cover, and cook slowly one hour. Turn the meat then and cook one hour longer, very slowly. When tender, but not ragged, dish, and keep hot. Strain the gravy; thicken with browned flour; season, boil up, and pour over the meat.

Good husbands cannot be spoiled by petting. Bad ones will not be made worse by the process. They may be made better. One and all, they like it. Not only fondling and love-words, but to have their home-comings at evening to be accounted events; they enjoy pretty surprises and favorite dishes, the flower laid by the plate, the becoming gown or ribbon put on to please their eyes. It is the "little by little" that makes up the weal or woe of life.—*Common Sense in the Household.*

FRENCH BEANS SAUTES.—Cut off the fibres from both sides of the string beans and clip into short pieces. Boil tender in hot salted water, drain dry, and put into a saucepan in which you have melted a great spoonful of butter, seasoned with pepper, a little French mustard, and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Toss and stir until the beans are very hot and glazed with the butter. Serve in a deep dish.

TEA A LA RUSSE.—Make tea in the usual way; let it get cold on the leaves; strain into a pitcher and slice two or three *peeled* lemons into each quart. The slices should be thin. Put cracked ice and loaf-sugar into glasses and fill up with tea.—*The Cottage Kitchen*

EAU SUCRE is made by dissolving three or four lumps of loaf-sugar in a glass of ice-water. A teaspoonful taken every few minutes will generally relieve a "tickling in the throat," often alleviate a hacking cough.—*Common Sense in the Household.*

A loveless marriage is an unchaste union. It is worse for a woman to sell herself for a home and a livelihood than to fight hand-to-hand with poverty all her life.

Mush to fry will brown better if the meal is mixed with milk and then poured into boiling water.

A carelessly kept coffee-pot will impart a rank flavor to the strongest infusion of the best Java

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Notes, Personal securities - -	10,685 00
Bonds - - - - - -	99,206 66
Real estate - - - - - -	63,828 89
Cash on hand - - - - -	67,517 31
Due from Banks - - - - -	67,314 00
Miscellaneous - - - - -	1,704 34
	$1,772,991 38
Due Depositors, Dec. 31st, 1878, -	$1,267,530 40

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1885.

THE PACIFIC will be sent from this time to the first of January, 1887, to any address in the United States or British America, on the receipt of $2 50.

The founding of the "Leland Stanford Junior University," at Palo Alto, thirty miles south of this city, with an endowment of at least $5,000,000, was formally begun last Saturday. The trustees met, organized, listened to the documents which embody the acts of the foundation, heard an address explanatory from ex-Governor Stanford, and formally accepted the trust, by signing an agreement to that effect. The acts by which the University is constituted and the other proceedings of the occasion fill three solid columns of the *Bulletin* in small type. It was a grave occasion, but a happy one, and fraught with momentous consequences. It was a rare occasion—so rare as to be unique. No other man and wife ever before did such an act, in their own life-time, during all the world's history. No other man and wife ever had such a fortune to bestow upon an institution of learning without wronging any soul or disappointing any hope. We heartily congratulate them on their ascent to the higher ranks of public benefactors. The State is to be congratulated, also, because it may be justly proud of such citizens. And the youth of the State are to be congratulated upon the opening to them of still larger, and the largest, opportunities of personal culture. On the whole, we are greatly pleased with the provisions of the several endowment acts. We hope the founders will live many years to manage the institution and carry out their ideas, and perfect all the details of its success. We will only suggest, by way of criticism, that the powers given to the President may prove too large, that the legal element in the Board of Trustees may be superabundant, and that a more distinct recognition of Christianity, in theory and teaching, might add to the brightness of the prospect of successful achievement.

A few years ago Charles Crocker, with a generosity characteristic of him, gave a large sum for the endowment of the Academy of Sciences, in this city. He has now repeated himself by giving the sum of $31,000 to the Boys and Girls' Aid Society, for the erection of a new building on their premises. One of his pleasant expressions regarding it was that he felt that he must "do something to help the children." Those who know anything of the child-life and boyhood experience of Mr. Crocker knows what a pathos was in that sentiment, and what a school he was taught in, who felt early the touch of poverty, in narrowed circumstances and limited opportunities, and who literally worked his way from pulling weeds and peddling papers, as a lad, up to successful merchandising and more successful railroading. Of course, others, not a few, have had a similar experience, and all such, whose feet have bled on the thorns and stones of a lowly path, will appreciate the accumulated sympathies of the heart that felt it must "help the children"—for the children in particular whose lot it was to need the friendly arms of such a society as could give aid. We trust that this same act, like the "quality of mercy," will be doubly blest—blessing him who gives and them that take.

Hon. Wm. Sharon, Ex-United States Senator from Nevada, was buried from Grace church last Monday. He died of "angina pectoris," after days of acute suffering, at the age of sixty-five. Mr. Sharon was a native of Ohio, of Quaker parentage. While yet a lad he started out in life for himself, with no more than a high-school education. He learned from defeat rather than success in his earlier enterprises. Before he was thirty he "crossed the plains over" in 1849, and became a California pioneer. From the year 1850 till his removal to Nevada he was a prominent man of business in this city, skillful, courageous, industrious, ambitious. In Nevada he acquired his fortune, and made his way into the United States Senate. Since his retirement his life has been clouded. His wife died, his daughter died, and he was almost engulfed by the bank failure in which Ralston went down. He rose triumphant from these ills, only to be dishonored in his latest years by his own acts and by the baseness of others, who plotted for his wealth at the price of their shame. It is believed that he has left at least $100,000 in benefactions to the public.

President Cleveland is always said to be a patient listener, but it is manifest that he is not a ready yielder to the suggestions of speakers and the arguments of pleaders. To the committee of a recent conference regarding the Indians, he listened, and acquiesced in the general scheme outlined, as to the status of Indians in the years to come, but he regarded the road to that goal as winding and slow, and confessed that he did not know how to get rid of the ruts, nor what was the first step to take. The "big Indians" (chiefs and members of the "ring") he shrinks from encountering, and only hopes he may accomplish something before his term expires. We regret that he is not more courageous, and not ready to recommend radical changes at once—flooring the chiefs, abolishing the tribes, giving lands in severalty, and forcing all into schools and workshops.

The Burlingame treaty between the United States and China, which is still in force, and is a part of the supreme law of the land, contains the following provision: "Chinese subjects, visiting or residing in the United States, shall enjoy the same privileges, immunities and exemptions in respect to travel or residence as are or may then be enjoyed by the citizens or subjects of the most favored nation." If this provision is not violated extensively in California, as it has been in Tacoma, it will not be because some leading secular papers in this city do not incite the people so to do by their almost daily incendiary reports and editorials. If mobs in this city attempt to drive out the Chinese, their illegal, cruel, murderous work may fairly be charged to men who have savagely instructed them through the daily press.

Fountain or Reservoir.

BY REV. DR. A. L. STONE.

I use the first of these terms in the sense of *imparting* or bestowing upon others, and the second in the sense of *appropriating* or accumulating for ourselves. Which of these two ideals of character and demonstration shall we seek to realize as our controlling type of life and action? Shall it be our aim to secure what we may for our own enriching and gratification, that our store may be full, and that in any pleading of desire we shall have only to unlock our treasure house, and supply hand and heart with the longed-for abundance? Or shall it be our beneficent instinct and passion to explore the need and the sorrow of the life that throbs round about us, and to do what we may to convey bounty and relief? Our controlling feeling and action will be governed by the one or the other of these ideals, and we shall give the practical definition of the one or the other of the terms at the head of this paragraph.

In the matter of our *personal intelligence*, shall it be our desire to accumulate light for ourselves, that we may sit within chambers of brilliant illumination, solve for our own relief whatever problems history and science may present to us, and be satisfied with such a noon in our intellectual sky? Or shall we seek to radiate the beams of truth and knowledge upon all the shadowed paths of our daily walking, and all the human fellowships therein? Practically, which scheme governs us as we tax our brains?

We enter the *family* room of an evening, and do we push for the pleasantest seat by the hearthstone, or in the shining of the bright lamp, or in the embrace of the most inviting easy-chair; or do we seek to make these chief comforts the heritage of other members of the household circle? We take our place at the *table* with kindred, older and younger, on either hand. For whose first and choicest "helping" are we specially eager, ours or another's at our side?

The "daily," the "monthly," the "quarterly," come to our door, and our interest for the greeting of what is fresh and new is eager and vital. Do we seek its gratification while others sit silent and waiting till our quest is met? Or do we stretch a freighted hand to one whose intense craving we can hardly fail to discern, and hold our own curious questioning in momentary check?

In our intercourse with others, social or domestic, do we keep unmoved a rigid and inflexible countenance, waiting, like a silent harp for the hand of the musician, to be played upon by the emotion of a companion—cold and sober and speechless till the brightness of another shines upon us, and its warmth thaws us into expression? Or does our face kindle at once into genial light, and melt away all the coolness and reserve we encounter?

In this interchange are we habitually givers or receivers?

In the bonds of Christian brotherhood, do we hasten to one in covenant with us, with a warm clasp of the hand, with a loving glance of the eye, with tones of affection and trust, or do we put him to the task of overcoming all distance and coldness?

I need not pursue such inquiries. I start them only to help us realize more vividly the significance of my theme, and to put us upon honest self-inquisition, in regard to which of the two words at the head of this article shall be written truly under our individual portraiture?

The Religious tract society of London has translated and published "Pilgrim's progress" in 70 languages.

How It Was Done.

HISTORY OF THE NEW CHURCH AT MARTINEZ.

[Read at dedication by the pastor, Rev. C. S. Vaile.]

Turn from the memories of this decade of work and worship to view the incident and providence that gathers us to-day in this happy assemblage, and permits us to present to God and this people a house of meeting, a home for fellowship, where glory of Fatherhood and beauty of Sonship may repeat the blessedness of the Incarnation; for this temple, too, has its providential history. Too ready are we, while marveling at the providence in the lives of David and Solomon, and in the building of Zion's temple, or in some other great work of great minds—too ready are we to forget that the providence of an all-embracing Father overrules and guides in the smaller events of little lives. The recognition of this providence in life ennobles man. The discovery and study of the multitudinous action and inter-working and onworking events which help to inspire a common purpose in man and conspire to produce a desirable consummation forms the loftiest and happiest occupation of the human mind. The simple story of facts will tell of a "working in our working." Although something other might have been built under different circumstances, this which our eyes see came through the inspirations, promises, and efforts of these here gathered and those linked with them in the present and past of their lives. Coming among you, eleven months since, unexpectedly, and with no mutual acquaintance, the pastor found a great need of, a strong wish for, and some hope of, a new church. Zealous for God's honor and the good of the people, he fostered this desire, and fanned the flame. Encouragement came in many ways. There were a few whose hearts were pledged to the work; especially do we owe much to the calm, earnest purpose, persevering effort, and patient fidelity of one of the trustees, who, apart from his own self-sacrificing example, has solicited the greater part of the subscriptions, and, as Treasurer, has received and disbursed all moneys, of which he has rendered a most complete account. Without this man the church could not have been built. And other men were necessary—the one who, at first, gave, perhaps unwittingly, most encouragement, lives some two miles away. Friends visiting him, exclaimed at the meanness of the old church, which remark was repeated with the suggestion, "You ought to have a new church." We held our peace, only thinking that if the wealth of the country cried, "Build," it soon would come. Finding the pulse strong and healthful, the next thing was to take a step toward the goal. Some feared, some doubted, but all hoped; and the assistance from unexpected sources at home, and encouragement abroad, hastened the public presentation of the subject. An address was given. It was asked for publication; and, through the courtesy of the "press,"—that still has a wider constituency than the pulpit—public attention was more widely claimed. The fact of publication was a great aid in building this church. The time had come for showing "faith by works." A meeting was called. The large, earnest, not to say enthusiastic, attendance augured final success. Trusting in God, and burning the bridges behind us, we entered the unknown land. It was voted to build on the same central, retired site. The church and parsonage were sold at auction for $165. Before this some $175, obtained from a lecture course, had been deposited in bank as the nucleus of a building fund. The work has thus its beginning. But however much financial enterprises may be helped by varied entertainments, success is built on business principles and direct giving; and success depends largely on the initial move. It is a rule of those who solicit for public benefactions that the first half of the sum needed must come from the larger donors. Seven persons subscribed $2,450, more than half of our cash subscriptions. A Building Committee had been chosen, who drew up a subscription paper. Having determined the means and methods at an evening gathering, it was suggested that subscriptions begin then and there. In ten minutes $1,250 was pledged, and success was assured. Again may it be safely said that this church could not have been built without the name heading this list, with the subscription of $500. Nor any less helpful were the two other subscriptions of the like generous amounts. An analysis of subscriptions may interest. Besides these three of $500 each, there were three of $250, one of $200, six of $100, one of $75, ten of $50, fourteen of $25, six of $20, one of $15, fourteen of $10, twelve of $5, with others, making a total of $4,293, subscribed in Martinez and vicinity. These seventy and more donors may well congratulate themselves, and the community owe them a deep sense of gratitude. There was given in work, in sums from $2 to more than $80, some $400. Thanks are specially due to the one who laid the foundation, and the inner walls, and to his helpers. There was raised by lectures, courses, and concerts, some $285, which outlay, we hope, brought a double satisfaction. We also had contributions from abroad. From Mrs. Judge Crocker of Sacramento, through Mrs. A. Bush, $100; from the First Congregational church, Oakland, through the kindness of Dr. McLean, $200; from a friend in Connecticut $100; from friends in Massachusetts, $225. In deference to such gratuitous favors, it seems fitting that our McShane bell, weighing 875 pounds, and costing $212, should be viewed as a gift from friends in Spencer, Massachusetts; and these beautiful windows, other than the one given by the "Pansy Society," as coming from the friend in Connecticut. I shall attempt no word picture of this fair temple, nor dilate on the sacrifice and toil offered for its erection. The beauty of the one and the honor of the other will continually grow; and I venture the prophecy that the conviction will increase that so convenient, commodious, substantial and beautiful a church home was never built on this coast, costing so little; and, if the spirit that lives or works within corresponds with the bodily form, are we not assured that the same amount of money was never so wisely spent by this community? As respects the furniture, which is in such harmony with the building, we owe thanks to the Ladies' Aid Society for carpet, stove, and other furnishings. The young ladies are donors of these rich chairs; the young men of this beautiful chandelier and burners, one of whom gives the hanging-lamp for the choir. This excellent and sweet-toned organ is the gift of two ladies. Special thanks are due to others for their great favors—to our home papers; to the architects, Percy and Hamilton, for beauty of design; to the superintendent of building for valuable and gratuitous services; to the builders, Marsh and Ludden, our townsmen, for perfection of work; to Mr. A. M. Benham and his double quartette, who has given us one and promises us another grand concert; to the kindly speakers who have entertained and instructed us in their lectures; to these all will you express your thanks, with mine, by rising. We also return thanks for the interest of all, and the aid of the many. We felicitate ourselves in the perfect harmony and success of our mutual and union efforts. We also congratulate ourselves for the amount of collectible subscriptions. Said one well versed, "If you collect all, it will be monumental." Friends, it is to be monumental. Two thoughts in closing: It has been remarked to many, "You will be too proud and happy." Friends, for one, I have had no time to nurse pride, and was too anxious for faith to be happy, although I expect to be in half an hour. But the building of this church has been for me but a means to an end—a means necessary and delightful, still a means. The pastor claims for himself only the ground plan, and that was chosen for convenience, utility, and home-likeness; the rest belongs to architect, trustees, and builders. The end sought is a moral stability, a social harmony, a spiritual beauty to possess and abide with this community—turning the hearts of parents to children, and children to parents, and the hearts of all to the Great Father and Beloved Son. Nothing less than this was our purpose, and is our prayer. Second, our means are not perfected. What has been done in a hard year seems a dream. Thank God, it is a reality! Our building will cost some $6,100, and furnishing some $450. Over $100 are expected from photographs of church and promised entertainments. The rest is all subscribed, except some $200. Some have given all they ought, some more than they ought, some less than they intended, and others are waiting the occasion. We want no one to regret his action, but, in view of what has been done abroad and at home, in view of what we see, a self-satisfaction and mutual congratulation and glory with men and God, can we not in calmness say, "We will ask no aid of a burdened society, nor cramp our own future." We each will now give our thanks offering, our sacrifice. Dr. McLean wants to make an appeal, but he has helped us let us finish it.

But the doctor rose, and said, "I am one of four to give $25 each." In fifteen minutes $220 was raised, and we sang with heart and voice, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

La Honda.

Where is La Honda? It is in the San Mateo redwoods, on San Gregoria creek, sixteen miles from Redwood City, and fourteen from Pescadero. La Honda means "the sting." Arroyo Hondo means "deep creek," and this was the original name of the San Gregoria. La Honda conveys no idea. La Hondo does, and truthfully, too, when the mountain torrents leap fiercely down to swell the mighty rush of waters on their way to Pescadero, "the Fishing Place," on the shores of the restless Pacific. La Honda is in the lumber region. Hanson's mill, employing fifty men in the season, is near by. The La Honda region is picturesquely beautiful, and is a famous camping place. Wild game abounds, and fish are in abundance. Redwood trees, eight, ten and twelve feet in diameter, tower toward the skies, many being over two hundred feet high, reminding the tourist of the Mariposa approaches to the Yosemite Valley. Knight's tri-weekly mail stage passes La Honda, and by this communication is kept up with the outside world. New La Honda has an excellent hotel, a store, postoffice, saloon, blacksmith shop and a laundry. Up the gulches, on the hillsides, in the valleys and on the mountain tops are small farms, large ranches and cattle ranges. At La Honda, and near to Deacon Woodham's beautiful home, is a neat Catholic church. Up to October 22d no Protestant had preached in all this region. Four miles away stands Fairview church, out of the redwoods and out of the range of the people of La Honda. Consequently, a people of more than ordinary intelligence were left without the greatest of all boons—the preaching of the gospel. One month ago I knew nothing of La Honda, and had it not been for the General Association would know nothing of it to-day. In assigning delegates to homes in Berkeley, Brother Savage said to me, "A special request has been sent that you go to a certain place." The name was given. "You have some friends there." I went and found Mr. and Mrs. Kertager from Tracy, who were at the dedication of the Bethany church last April. I promised to hold a protracted meeting in Tracy. Rev. J. B. Clark came and roomed with me. I promised to hold a meeting with Brother Clark, in Pescadero, some time. I had no idea of going for months. I was somewhat surprised, on the 15th of October, at a request by letter from Brother Clark, setting the time, October 22d. I felt that this was from the Lord, or I would not have gone, as my affairs were somewhat complicated. I made arrangements for preaching at Byron and Bethany on the coming Sabbath, and, after giving a sciopticon exhibition in aid of the Sunday-school at Brentwood, took the train for Redwood city; remained in San Francisco all night; went to Rev. Mr. Newton's meeting at the Adelphi; Thursday morning went on toward Pescadero. I met Brother Tuthill in San Mateo. At Redwood I found Brother Pascoe; I went to his hospitable home. Brother Clark came at noon. We dined with Brother Pascoe, and at 2 P. M. started for the place of meeting. I learned then that the point was La Honda—not Pescadero. We had a fine drive over the mountains, and after dark reached New La Honda. After tea I went to Old La Honda, half a mile away. The meeting place was an unoccupied saloon, kindly offered by Mr. Jessie Palmer, Superintendent of the lumber company's mill, etc., Planks and rough benches had been placed in position, a table with two small-print Bibles and a beautiful bouquet of choice flowers. The place was well lighted, Deacon Woodham acting as janitor.

The whole outfit reminded me of a missionary experience in Missouri, over twenty years ago. The modern appliances for a revival were lacking, excepting gospel hymns. Fourteen copies for Pescadero were brought from Redwood that day. These we used. No organ, no orchestra, no society of Christian endeavor, no tradition of what the Lord had done there in other days, no choir; new songs, new tunes, new preaching, but—thanks be unto the Lord!—old prayers, "the old, old story" and the precious promises of God. Brother Clark had preached on Wednesday night the first sermon ever preached by a Protestant minister in that region. I followed on Thursday, and conducted the meetings until the following Wednesday night, preaching seven times in La Honda, once each in Pescadero and in Fairview. The meetings were blessed from the first, and increased in depth and power, the manifest movings of the Holy Spirit constraining men and women to believe. On Sunday morning we left for Charles Sear's mountain home, and drove down the grandly beautiful Pescadero creek to the church in Pescadero, twelve miles. Before I left home visions of the rolling waves, the pebble beach, ships on sea, etc., arose before me. They are visions still, for time forbade going farther than the church and parsonage. Rev. Mr. Duncan, the Methodist minister, kindly called in his appointments, so we had a union meeting, and a precious one it was. The service of song preceding the sermon was a fit prelude to the preaching of the Word. Pescadero church house is a good, substantial building, needing repairs, however, and was tastefully decorated with evergreen and flowers for the occasion. A hasty lunch, and we were off again. Fairview is ten miles from Pescadero, and the appointment was for half-past two. We crossed Pomponia creek, passed through the small town of San Gregoria, and at 3 o'clock reached Fairview. This is an excellent building. It needs painting outside and varnishing inside. There were organs in both churches. Here we had an impressive service. All but two arose, either for prayers or as witnesses for Jesus. I went on to Brother Bell's, had tea, and then on to La Honda. I learned that a family had been thrown over an embankment on the Alpine road that afternoon—a child slightly hurt and a lady seriously injured. We had visited the family before this, and did afterward.

Up to Wednesday night there had been four clear professions of religion and many seeking the Lord—so many that Brother Clark felt that he could not close the meeting. I hope it is yet going on. On Monday Sister Clark came to San Gregoria. Brother Clark went in his buggy for her. This enabled me to cultivate the acquaintance of Brother Bell and his estimable family. In fact, this was the only rest day during the meeting. House to house we went, up hill and down, received with gladness and generous hospitality everywhere, but in one place, where the offer to sing and pray was politely refused. (On Wednesday night the lady arose for prayers.) Sister Clark proved to be a help-meet for her husband. A better qualified missionary's wife I have never seen. I was amused on Thursday morning, as we were about to leave Deacon Woodham's house to take the stage to Redwood, Sister Clark to visit her children at San Jose (they are at the Normal), I to return to my field. "Well," said Brother Clark, as he let go his wife's hand, "I must trust in the Lord, but it is a great responsibility." We did not open the doors of the church, but on Wednesday afternoon baptized five in one family, one by profession, four dedicated to the Lord by a praying mother, who will, with others, shortly join the church. God's people are much revived. The outlook is grand. Brother Clark, whom to know is to love, has a hard, laborious field of labor, but a delightful one nevertheless. The Lord is with him, and so are the people. While he was with me at La Honda the people in Pescadero surprised his wife with a generous donation party, filling the hearts of the family with gladness and the larder with provisions and other tokens of appreciation. I feel sure that the missionary is fitted for his station, and that at last the cloud is moving from the Pescadero Mission. WILLIAM H. TUBB.

Martinez, November 3, 1885.

St. Clement's Protestant Episcopal church, Philadelphia, has a guild of the Iron Cross for workingmen, the members pledging themselves against blasphemy, intemperance and unchastity.

Home Missionary.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D. D.

In Fresno.

Rev. W. N. Meserve, who has recently entered upon the good work done by his able predecessor, Rev. G. E. Freeman, in Fresno, is meeting with the varied experience of the California home missionary—one day bright, the next not, so far, at least, as the sense and judgment of man make out the bright and dark things of the kingdom. Brother Meserve has gone into his work all over—two prayer-meetings on Wednesday, English for the Armenians on Thursday, besides his work on Sundays and the half of every day given to pastoral calls, etc. The tide is rising slowly, but surely; but his sole encouragement is not in his increasing congregations, but in the promises of the Master whom he serves.

It was our privilege to attend the Wednesday-evening prayer-meeting, at which we counted nearly sixty. Fifty or more were Armenians, most of them believing Christians. The services were in three different languages—the Armenian, Turkish and English. That prayer in Armenian, that exhortation in Turkish, though we understood not a word except the Name, thrilled us with the power of the knowledge of the blessed gospel.

The American Home Missionary Society have secured the services of Mrs. Peabody, formerly a missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. in Marsovan, Turkey, to take charge of these Armenians, of whom there are some one hundred and twenty, and some of whom are located in Fresno, and have been for two years. From Mrs. Peabody we learn that they are from the region of Ararat and the Black sea, and, to escape the rapacity and injustice of the Turk, they were induced to sever the ties of kindred and flee to this far-famed land of equity and religion. Since their arrival they have passed through trials which they little anticipated. As a Christian people, they desired the advantages of our public schools for their children which are held out to all. An effort was made to eject them, much to their surprise, but they stood their ground and carried the day. The children are highly spoken of, and rank as remarkably bright and intelligent. But they had a still more remarkable experience to undergo in connection with the Congregational church there. It seems that these Armenians have been connected with the Congregational Mission under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in Turkey. They were, many or them, members of the Congregational churches there, and associated themselves with the Church when they arrived in Fresno. As there is but a handful of Congregationalists in Fresno, others worshiped in the church, to whom these people were not acceptable. They could not sit in the same seats or drink from the Lord's cup with these foreigners. The disaffected persons withdrew, preferring to worship in a school-room. Upon this the Armenians withdrew in disgust, and the most commodious church in Fresno was left almost vacant. Such was the state of affairs when Mrs. Peabody arrived among them. The Armenians received her cordially, and most of them have returned to the church and Sabbath-school. She has a class of from two to four pews full of Armenian men and women, who study in their own language. A class of twenty-five young men is conducted by Mrs. Peabody in English. Many of these young men have been in the mission schools in Turkey, and speak English more or less. They are educated, and compare quite favorably with the young men there. The Armenian girls and children mix with the other English classes. The last Sabbath there were about seventy of them—men, women and children—in the congregation. These Armenians are a temperance colony. During the last winter they found it difficult to obtain work; the only people eager to employ them at good wages wer the saloon-keepers. They don't like this temperance colony in their midst, and, with their usual shrewdness, they offer them good wages, board and free drinks, expecting that in the near future they and their children will add to those that swing the doors of the forty-six saloons in the town of Fresno. They have thus far withstood the temptations, and will probably remain a temperance colony. In religion these people are Congregationalists—the offspring of consecrated life-labor and funds on the part of Christians at the East. They are also alive to the fact that not only is it a simple question of religious welfare with them here, but also of the cause in Turkey, and many are fearing lest through our neglect a tide of infidelity may roll back on Turkey that will mar the noble work that has been done among the Armenians, through the instrumentality of the Congregational churches of America.

A number presented their letters while we were present, two offered themselves on confession for membership, making, all told, with others, perhaps ten who will unite with the church at the next communion. A most valuable and efficient helper of the pastor is a returned missionary from China, Miss Berry, a young lady of deep piety, great faith and commanding influence in the community. She busies herself for the good of all, hardly giving a thought to her own limitations as to strength, need of rest, etc. It was no small tax for her to consent to address the congregation that met and filled to its utmost capacity the Congregational church a week ago Sunday night, on Christian work in China. On being asked to give another address, she declined to take Sunday evening for the time, because it took so many from their churches, but selected Friday night. Was not this a fine touch of Christian courtesy and comity as well?

Religious Intelligence.

Pacific Coast.

At the last Monday Club General Chapin, who has been for some time in the East, and but recently returned to California, gave a very interesting account of the recent session of the American Board in Boston, as well as of his impressions of Christian work generally in the East. Rev. Joseph Neesima, here from the East en route to Japan, followed with a very useful and profitable address on Christian work in Japan. Among the visitors at the Club were Rev. Mr. Hooker from South Carolina and Rev. E. D. Weage from Wisconsin.

The subject at the Club next Monday will be a "Report from a Committee to Prepare Suggestions for the Provisional Committee of the Next Meeting of the General Association."

Rev. J. C. Price of North Carolina preached at the First church in this city last Sabbath morning.

The storm last Sabbath affected the congregations in this city and vicinity generally; yet there were many cases where the audiences were unusually large, considering the inclement state of the weather.

"I am not ashamed of the gospel" was Pastor Rowell's text Sabbath morning at Mariners' church. At night his theme was "Lay Hold on Eternal Life." Many conversions last week were reported.

"Be strong in the Lord" was the text on which Rev. Herbert Macy preached at the Fourth church.

Rev. Joseph Neesima gave a very interesting address Sabbath morning at the First church in Oakland, on "Christian Work in Japan." In the afternoon he addressed the Market-street Sunday-school on the same theme. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock" were the words on which Rev. Dr. McLean preached to his people Sabbath evening.

"Let Patience Have Her Perfect Work" was Pastor Cooke's topic at Golden Gate Church, Oakland. "Come and See," or "Investigating the Claims of the Lord Jesus," was the evening theme. At the Wednesday meeting some six or eight persons rose for prayers.

"True Self-Knowledge" was the subject on which Rev. Walter Frear addressed his congregation at West Oakland.

Rev. E. D. Weage of Wisconsin officiated for Rev. A. S. Houston at the Market-street church, Oakland, Sabbath evening.

Rev. Dr. Warren has returned from his southern trip.

Rev. I. F. Tobey discoursed on "Living Sacrifices" at Olivet church, in this city, last Sabbath.

"Philip said unto him, Show us the Father and it sufficeth us" was the text on which Rev. C. A. Savage addressed his congregation at Berkeley. His evening theme was "Our Part in Salvation."

Rev. Mr. Hooker of Charleston, S. C., spent last Sabbath in San Lorenzo. His text in the morning was "He fashioneth their hearts alike."

Rev. E. O. Tade has been unanimously called to San Mateo, and has commenced his work there. Last Sabbath he preached, in the morning, on "Christ the Power of God." The evening subject was "The Hungering Soul."

At Auburn "The Preaching of Jonah and the Preaching of Christ" was the subject last Sabbath. A new class of twelve young ladies and gentlemen was formed in the Sunday-school, with the pastor as teacher.

The good people of Pescadero and vicinity recently captured the parsonage, and, after spending a pleasant evening, departed, leaving behind many substantial tokens of their good-will. Pastor Clark and family are grateful.

On Tuesday evening, the 10th inst., at the Congregational Mission House in Sacramento, Mr. Fang Bow was married, by Rev. W. C. Pond, to Miss Li Chun of Marysville. The bridegroom is a Christian, and this is the first Christian marriage in connection with that mission. The chapel was tastefully decorated, and was filled with Christian Chinese and their invited American friends. The bride has never had an opportunity of learning of Christ, and was accepted by her husband, according to Chinese custom, without previous personal acquaintance, or even a sight of her face. Even at the marriage she was deeply veiled, so that all of her person that was visible was her tiny feet, encased in highly elegant slippers. But her seclusion is somewhat broken now; and in the pleasant rooms which her husband has provided for her she will be accessible to the Christian ladies interested in our mission, and no effort on their part will be wanting to bring about what her husband so greatly desires and so earnestly prays for—her instruction in the gospel and her conversion to Christ. It is even hoped that this event may open the way to a work among the Chinese women of Sacramento, a work which our mission has long desired to undertake.

Lovers of mankind would have rejoiced to see the fine, bronzed faces that filled the prayer-meeting rooms down at the Mariners' church on Tuesday evening of last week. The occasion was the monthly meeting of the Marine Temperance Society. Pastor Rowell had an audience of sailors that did his heart good to see and to address. Apparently, there was not a hard drinker among them, as the clear eye and manly bearing that characterizes Jack when not a slave to drink testified; but we know that no man is more beset with temptations of this kind than the seaman, so we rejoiced, and silently prayed, as the seats filled and extra chairs were brought in and filled, because we knew that some earnest resolutions would be taken that night, and that the devil would be there (he always attends our meetings) to try to persuade some to put off signing the pledge. Pastor Rowell opened the meeting with reading of Scripture and prayer, and then presented the subject of the evening, one phase of which was the use of the pure juice of the grape as a drink. The writer whom he quoted recommended this unfermented drink as invaluable to those of weak digestive powers, because it is so easily assimilated, and is refreshing and strengthening without being a tonic. Mr. Rowell endorsed this, and we mentally resolved, next year, to drink nothing but unfermented wine. After a few good and practical remarks by some people who knew what they were talking about the pledge was read, and fifteen sailors signed it. All present were cordially invited to come to the prayer-meeting on the next evening, and we then adjourned, greatly encouraged by the results of an interesting meeting.

FAIR OF THE FOURTH CHURCH.—The ladies of the Fourth Congregational church will hold a fair and lunch on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, December 2d, 3d and 4th, at Irving Hall, 139 Post street. Provision is making for an excellent midday meal. On Wednesday evening an Old Folk's Concert will be given, and on the remaining evenings there will be entertainment of a literary and musical character. The booths will be filled with articles of a useful and ornamental kind, suitable for home use and holiday presents.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS.

METHODIST.—The new Simpson church is to be dedicated by a week's special services, under charge of Bishop C. H. Fowler, assisted by Bishop H. W. Warren.——A wonderful revival is in progress in Soulsbyville, under the efforts of Rev. Ross Taylor, son of the missionary, Bishop Taylor. Over forty conversions are already reported.——A protracted meeting is being held in Halfmoon Bay. The M. E. church, under the leadership of Rev. Mr. Tallman, have been holding revival meetings in Sebastopol the past three weeks. A deep religious interest prevails, and a number of conversions are reported.

EPISCOPAL.—The Bishop of California has made a visitation through Jolon valley and San Luis Obispo county, a region never before visited by a Bishop. The new church at Jolon was consecrated, and six candidates were confirmed.——Rev. J. A. Emery of St. Paul's, Tustin, has accepted the call to St. Andrew's, Oakland.——The new church in Pomona has been opened for services.——The Convocation of Southern California was recently held in Pomona.

PRESBYTERIAN.—It is earnestly hoped by the friends of Rev. J. Q. Adams that he will accept the call to the Westminster church in this city.——Rev. G. L. Spinning, D.D., has arrived with his family. He takes charge of the Howard-street church.——The East Oakland church has unanimously called Rev. E. S. Chapman, D.D., to its pastorate.

METHODIST SOUTH.—The Merced, Plainsburg, Mariposa and Sonora quarterly meetings have recently been held.——The Los Angeles District Conference had its sessions recently.

Notes from the North.

TACOMA.—Much to the delight of the Scandinavian Congregational people, their neat chapel was ready November 1st for occupancy, and opening services were held at 3 P. M. The sermon was preached by the pastor, Rev. N. P. Lang, which was followed by addresses from the pastors of the Methodist and Lutheran Scandinavian churches of the city, and by Rev. S. Greene of Houghton. Rev. S. H. Cheadle of the East Tacoma Congregational church also took part in the exercises. During the services a brief statement of the financial condition of the enterprise was made, and $160 was pledged toward the liquidation of the debt.——Brother Greene spent the Sabbath at Tacoma, in exchange with the pastor of the First church, who was en route to your city for rest. Pastor Greene's morning subject was "The Doubting Disciple" (John xx: 28). A very interesting communion service followed the sermon. In the evening the topic was "Christian Joy" (Acts viii: 8).

SEATTLE.—At its last communion the Plymouth church received four by letter and twelve on profession of faith. Of the latter many came as a result of earnest work done in the Sunday-school.

HOUGHTON.—A Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor has lately been organized, and is already accomplishing a good work.

David Tatum, Temperance Evangelist.

The above-named excellent gospel temperance worker has been for thirty-five years a minister in the Friends' denomination, and belongs to Cleveland, O. He is endorsed by such well-known personages as Miss Willard, Mary A. Woodbridge, and others. He has lately spent two months in Washington Territory and Oregon. His character and work are most heartily endorsed by our good Congregational brother and minister, Rev. Will C. King, now the G. W. C. T. of Oregon. He has now reached the northern part of this State, where he is doing good work, fully endorsed by those amongst whom he labors. He is working his way south, and thence back to Ohio. We cordially commend this worthy brother and his good work.

Some fifteen more arrests have been made at Seattle, the parties having been indicted by the Grand Jury for conspiracy in connection with the anti-Chinese agitation. Four men, Keans, Cronin, McCann and Beach refused to give bail and preferred to go to jail.

A Thanksgiving Appeal.

BY ERLE DOUGLAS.

It would, indeed, seem superfluous at this date to explain what the Flower Mission is. Its work in the hospitals has been widely known and blessed. The patients appreciate the flowers carried to them by the committee, who sing gospel hymns in every ward, and the bouquets are treasured for days by the grateful inmates of the hospitals.

And what is a flower? A bunch of bright leaves on a stalk, a breath of sweet perfume, a contrast to its surroundings. A gust of wind may scatter its petals, a toddling infant may crush it to a tiny handful of bruised fragrance. And how drear the world would be were the flowers—"God's smiles," as the poet calls them—to vanish from the earth! The arching vault of heaven, the restless, rolling sea, the dry land with its widely diversified surface, all proclaim the power and glory of the great Creator; but flowers are the tokens of his love. Every flower, the aspiration of the clod, "that, groping blindly above it for light, climbs to a soul in grass and flowers," is a sermon on improved opportunity. It is an object lesson—a plea for self-culture and refinement, the demonstration of an environment's influence, for sun, and light, and rain, promote its development, which darkness will arrest or weeds destroy; and, lastly, every flower is emblematic of the resurrection and the life, for it dies to live again. Even a pressed flower, faded, scentless, blooms anew in the atmosphere of memory and sentiment. Therefore, a flower being all this, may cheer and bless, may even bring an erring, wandering soul back to God by arousing the spark of divine nature which God breathed into man when he created him in his own image; and so flowers can not be a useless gift to the sick and poor.

HOW THE FLOWER MISSIONS WORK IS APPRECIATED IN THE HOSPITALS.

"But are the flowers really appreciated?" asks another. You girls of the Flower Mission go to your hall every Thursday, spend your time making bouquets and in carrying them to the sick. Isn't it wasted time, energy, sympathy? Do the flowers do any good? Ah! do they? Go out to the City and County Hospital with the committee. Go through the wards with them—even through the wards where the faces are tense with agony, and emaciated with disease, where some lie so white, so still under the veils of netting which protect their faces from the flies, that their hands are to weak to brush away. See the visitor silently lay the fragrant bouquet on the quilt near the wasted hand, and pass on to give flowers to those on whose countenances a look of longing and welcome has for the moment driven the expression of suffering. See how the eye lights up with eager expectancy as the distributor draws near the cot. Note the joyous light that beams upon each pallid face as the flowers are placed in the trembling hand. Listen! You will catch the tremulous "Thank you," the broken "God bless you," that follows the distributor on her way. Look at that man who, too weak to sit up, sinks back upon his pillow, with a faint sigh of satisfaction, still holding the precious bouquet, or placing it upon his bed, where he can see it all the time. More than once it has happened that some new patient has said: "No, I do not care for any to-day," while the longing in his eyes, lingering on the flowers, belied his words.

"Don't you like flowers?" asked the distributor.

"Oh, yes," but I haven't money to pay for any."

"But these are sent you by the Flower Mission; there is nothing to pay."

"Oh, if you are giving them away!" and a hand reaches up eagerly for the proffered bouquet, and his eyes grow too dim to see the flowers, as he murmurs, "Thank you! thank you!"

In the City and County Hospital hundreds of papers and bouquets are distributed every week. The Children's Hospital is a favorite institution. "The flower ladies, the flower ladies have come!" exclaim the little ones, as they catch sight of the young ladies, who take something to each child—picture-cards, scrap-books, toys—besides the flowers. Dolls are in great demand among the tiny patients, and the boys—poor, little fellows—always ask for marbles, and, though confined to their beds, seem to take supreme pleasure in holding the magic spheres in their hands, and in going through the motion of "knuckling down" on the quilt. "Say, bring me a watch next time you come," was one little boy's request, and the kind-hearted visitor carried a toy watch, not only to him, but to every little boy in the hospital. The other hospitals are visited according as there are sufficient flowers, fruit or reading matter.

The prisons are never visited by the Flower Mission; an idea to the contrary once got abroad. For this annoying rumor the Society was indebted to the shrewdness of an infatuated creature who, to gain access to a prisoner, carried flowers, and proclaimed herself a Flower Mission girl.

THE WIDE SPHERE OF THE FLOWER MISSION WORK.

But the work of the Mission is not summed up in bouquet-making and in the distribution of flowers and fruit. The young ladies have prepared the choicest delicacies to tempt the capricious appetites of the sick. Physicians, nurses, medicines, nourishing food, delicacies, have been provided at need, cologne has been given freely to cool the throbbing temples, and there have been obtained air-cushions or rubber mattresses for poor, tired bodies. The bare, cheerless walls of many a sick room have been brightened, and the listless, weary gaze of the helpless invalid has been rested by the bright pictures, brilliant mottoes or graceful vines placed there by the young ladies. The young ladies of the Mission, or "the girls," as they always speak of themselves, have done more than give material aid. They have carried the blessed gift of sympathy to many a desolate home, they have ministered at the bedside of the sick, they have caught the last words of the dying and transcribed them upon the page which will convey the final tidings of the absent one to the waiting loved ones at home.

THE PRIVATE VISITING.

Besides the hospitals, the Flower Mission visit the sick and poor in their homes, seeking them out in many-storied tenements, in blind alleys and courts. The girls have been surprised at the verification of the old adage, "A smile begets a smile," for they have found that a mutual interest has grown up between them and their cases, as the following incident will show:

Into one of the "private cases" came a little baby, whose layette the girls made up from the store closet at the mission.

"I hope you won't think we've taken a liberty, miss," said the mother to the Chairman of the Visiting Committee, one Thursday, "but when we got your note about the clothes, we said, 'We'll name the baby Jessie,' after you, miss, if you don't mind."

"Why, certainly not; do just as you like," was all the astonished C. V. C could say.

"There now!" exclaimed her associate, as soon as they had reached the carriage. "You're a sort of godmother to that baby, and you'll have to give her a coming-out party."

"Do you really mean it?" gasped the C. V. C. in momentary alarm.

THE CARRIAGE FUND.

"I shall give nothing to a society that rides round in a coach," said a wealthy society lady, when asked to subscribe to the Flower Mission. "Let the girls go on foot or in the cars."

But could they? With a list averaging twenty cases a Thursday, and extending from Tar Flat to Bernal Heights, from South Park to North Beach, with large baskets of fruit, flowers and groceries, besides reading matter and clothing, could the young ladies of the Visiting Committee go on foot or in the cars? Is not the answer obviously, No? The supporters of the Mission have deemed it impossible, and contributed generously to maintain the carriage fund. Will you not contribute something to the current expenses of the Mission, of which the carriage fund is a part? The society is certain it can never find any contribution too large, and no sum can be too small to help swell the requisite amount, as even ciphers count, if they but get on the right side of a significant figure. So, if you can send, or will send, only a few postage stamps, the Mission's gratitude will be yours.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

The Flower Mission intend to keep Thanksgiving Day, which—how fortunate!—comes on the regular distribution day, by providing a complete dinner to all their private cases, and to such others as are reported to them as being especially worthy, besides remembering all the hospitals. The method of dinner distribution has been reduced to a system which was a credit to the girls. Contributions will be welcome and available up to the very last minute of noon, Thanksgiving Day. It is desirable to have them reach the hall by the Wednesday previous, November 25th. The express companies, particularly Wells, Fargo & Co., will carry donations from all parts of the State, free of charge, provided the packages bear the address, "San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission, 713 Mission street, San Francisco." In case the express agent refuses to take the package, on the ground that he has never heard of any such agreement, contributors need only mark C. O. D. beside the address to insure their safe and gratuitous delivery to the Flower Mission.

Y. M. C. A.

The "day and week of prayer" for young men was observed with most excellent results in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association. A large company of young men was present on Sabbath afternoon, completely filling the hall, and special services were held every evening during the week. Some twenty-five or thirty young men expressed a desire to become Christians in the various meetings. The subjects considered in the noon-day services were akin to those in the evenings, and appropriate to the "week of prayer." The good work, in all its departments, is still going on at the building, and there are greater demands upon the Association for help among sick and needy young men than at any other time during the past four years. The Association is making an effort to secure an endowment fund for this special purpose. The educational classes are all largely attended and making good progress. New members are constantly joining.

W. C. T. U.

There was too much cold water last Sunday for the good of the Gospel Temperance meeting in Grand Central Hall.

The committee asked Dr. Crary to postpone his address on "Woman's Work" until some more auspicious day, and to lead the devotions and talk a while to the few present, as seemed good to him, to all of which he consented. If his "talk" seemed good to himself it seemed golden to his hearers, and will probably bear fruit in a large audience when he comes again, which they hope will be in four weeks. Henry J. McCoy, General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., will address the meeting on next Sunday, at 4 P. M., in the same hall, 997 Market street, corner Sixth. Miss Nevers, Miss Miners, and Mr. Coe are expected to sing. All are invited to attend.

General Sheridan favors the granting of lands in severalty to the Indians.

MARRIED.

PAULI—LYON.—On Thursday, November 12th, at the residence of the bride's father, in Sonoma, by Rev. H. H. Wikoff, Mr. A. F. Pauli to Miss Ada Lyon, both of Sonoma.

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We offer even more, and decidedly better, advantages to our patrons than can be secured by them at a wholesale house exclusively, for the reason that they will not break or open packages, and we will do so, and in all cases at wholesale rates. All orders coming to our Wholesale House requiring case goods and packages of a like character, to be opened, are always filled at our Sixth-street House, a system of profit and convenience which strongly recommends itself to RELIGIOUS AND OTHER INSTITUTIONS IN THE CITY AND STATE. The orders which we almost daily receive from institutions is proof conclusive of the satisfaction given. If parties living at a distance desire to order goods of us not included in the above list will send us a catalogue of the goods wanted, we will immediately return it, with prices annexed for their approval, before sending us the order, thereby placing themselves in a position to judge for themselves before sending us the final order, and securing all the advantages of being present in the store at the time of purchase.

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Children's Department.

FROWNS OR SMILES?

Where do they go, I wonder,
The clouds on a cloudy day,
When the shining sun comes peeping out
And scatters them all away?
I know! They keep them and cut them down
For the cross little girls who want a frown.
Frowns and wrinkles and pouts—oh, my!
How many 'twould make—one cloudy sky!

I think I should like it better
A sunshiny day to take,
And cut it down for dimples and smiles—
What beautiful ones 'twould make!
Enough for all the dear little girls
With pretty, bright eyes and waving curls,
To drive the scowls and frowns away,
Just like the sun on a cloudy day!
—*St. Nicholas.*

"On Earth as It is in Heaven."

Josepha was not in a very good humor that Sunday, though it was her birthday—her tenth birthday.

In the first place, a Sunday birthday was a dull sort of thing, she thought; and then baby Fritz had been so sick that mamma had not had a chance to get any little present ready for her. It is true, that was only put off—the present was to come; but still Josepha felt out of sorts.

And when mamma called her to get her Bible verses, she broke into a regular pout, and grumbled out that it was a hard case she couldn't have any fun at all on her birthday, not even a holiday from Bible verses.

Mamma at once shut the Bible, and laid it on the table.

"I can't let you learn your verses while you are in a bad humor, daughter," she said, "so I will preach you a little sermon instead.

"Once there was a little boy who used to beg his father every morning to keep him away from the bees; but, instead of helping his father to keep him, he went straight out and played with their hives, and, of course, they stung him again."

"Well, what next?" asked the little listener.

"That's all," said mamma.

"All! Why I don't call that a sermon."

"Yes, it is a sermon," answered mamma, "but it is a short one, and it has my little daughter for a text."

"Now, mamma, you know I never do anything like that?" exclaimed Josepha.

"I think I can show you that you do something very much like that every morning. When you are repeating the Lord's Prayer, what do you say after 'Thy kingdom come!' "

" 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,' " repeated the little girl, briskly.

"That is, you ask God to make you do his will just as the angels do it. How do you suppose the angels do God's will?"

"I don't know," said her listener, slowly.

"Of course, we don't know exactly, but of some things we may feel confident: I am sure they do it prompt, I am sure they do it cheerfully; I am sure they do it perfectly.

"The angels know just what God's will is, but I don't," answered Josepha, who felt as if she needed somehow to defend herself.

Her mother pointed to an illuminated text hanging on the nursery wall: "Children, obey your parents."

There was a long, quiet time, then, in which mamma drew her little girl to her knee, and kissed her tenderly.

"I won't give you any verses to get today," she said gently, "but I give you this little sermon to 'learn by heart.' Every time you say, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,' remember that you are asking God to make you do what you are told—promptly, cheerfully, perfectly. And then you must help the Lord to answer this prayer."—*Elizabeth P. Allan, in the Churchman.*

Ashamed of Her.

In traveling, chance words and incidents sometimes open to us whole volumes of tragedy. For example, take the following fragments noted some years ago by a passenger on a railway train in the West, on which a fatal accident occurred. A little blonde woman, very much overdressed, was languidly nibbling cake and sipping champagne at her lunch in the palace-car, when her husband entered.

"Daisy," he said, "your mother is getting on the train."

"Oh, good gracious, where?" she exclaimed, angrily.

He pointed to a tall, ungainly woman, in shabby clothes, going into a second-class car.

"Had I not better bring her into this car?" he said. "There are some rough fellows in that one."

"Does she know we are on the train?"

"No."

"Then never mind. I *can't* introduce mamma to the Schallers," glancing at some of her companions.

The train rushed on, and the woman who had married out of poverty into a fashionable set, while she laughed and jested with her new friends, wore an uneasy face that showed her terror lest her mother should disgrace her. Her husband said presently:

"Your mother want will lunch, Daisy. Suppose I"—

"Oh, let her alone! She always takes a brown-paper parcel with chunks of bread and Bologna sausage. She likes that sort of thing."

An hour or two later a jarring crash resounded through the Pullman cars. Woman shrieked, and men rushed to the door as the train stopped. A brakeman met them.

"Keep your seats, gentleman. Broken rail only."

"Anybody hurt?"

"Four or five people. One old lady's a-dyin'. I heard her callin' for her daughter that's on the train: 'Maggy! Maggy!' just now. Take keer, ma'am!" as a little woman rushed past him.

The old woman lay on a clay-bank. Some men were holding her tenderly enough. A physician who happened to be on the train kneeled beside her. Her daughter threw herself down and dragged her head upon her breast. The woman's lips were opened, and her eyes stared as if searching for some one. But she did not call for "Maggy" any more.

"Do something!" cried her daughter, wildly. "Make her speak to me! Mother! mother! it is Maggy! Maggy!"

"Madam," said the doctor, "you are too late!"—*Youth's Companion.*

Only a Scrap of Paper.

"Oh! mother. The days are so long! I wish I had something to read, while you are at work. I am sure the hours would glide more swiftly!' These words were spoken by a slight, pale girl, who lay with folded hands upon the lonely bed in the corner of a scantily furnished room.

By the window sat a care-worn woman, whose brown hair was already heavily threaded with silver, striving to make the most of the light of that dreary November day, as she wearily plied her needle.

They had once been blessed with every comfort. That seemed ages ago, when a loving hand had provided; but the husband and father had met with reverses, quickly followed by death. Helen taught school in the village, until one day she fell upon the icy steps. Since then, the mother toiled for both.

"Yes, child, I wish you had a paper. It would be nice to hear you read. Yet I think they are only for the rich. We cannot have them, at least," and the mother sighed, while a hard look came into her face.

"Isn't there a scrap of paper that came around your work to-day?" Helen asked, as she raised herself upon her elbow.

"Yes, so there is, dear. Only a bit, yet it looks clean."

Helen took it eagerly; she read one little item after another—coming to the little poem entitled "Trust," beginning with "Build a little fence of trust." Lines with which nearly every one is familiar.

The voice of the girl trembled with pathos over the sweet words; to her they were a blessed reality. But the mother had grown hard and skeptical over the weariness of poverty.

"Read it again, Helen dear. Some way I don't just understand, yet it sounds beautiful."

Once more the daughter read, with a prayer in her heart for a blessing. Then, for a time, silence reigned, broken at length by the mother, who said:

"I wish I could build that fence of trust, but, some way, I've always been peering through the bars at the bitterness to come on the morrow."

"Dear mother, if you only could! God would help you! It's all the way I've endured the losses and disappointments."

Some way the dreary day took on a brighter tinge, seeming shorter than those preceding.

After Helen read in the little Testament that night, the mother whispered: "Pray that your mother may build the fence, darling!"

The soul of the little girl seemed to soar to where a gleam of the glory beamed through, and when the mother arose, the hardness had died out, never again to return. As she kissed Helen goodnight, she said:

"I think your mother has found the 'Trust,' dear. By God's help I'll strive to keep it. I'll always bless the day that torn bit of paper came to our home, I'm sure."

How insignificant the means, we think, God sometimes takes to perform such grand results. We finite creatures call them "infinitesimal," yet in Omnipotence the veriest seeming may have ends eternal.—*Grandmother's Children.*

"According to His Folly."

Sarcasm and irony can sometimes be used to good effect in puncturing certain popular humbugs, and the following from Robert Burdett answers very aptly a class of critics known and heard of men in every large community, and some small ones, too:

"Yes, my son, I know. I know that the churches in the United States cost many thousands of dollars which might be given to the poor. I know, my son, that our modern Christianity is much given to the worldly show and grandeur, and has departed from the simple ways of the fathers. I appreciate your grief over all this. You are not alone in your sorrow. You are not the first man, my son, that lifted up his voice, and wailed, 'Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor?' Come, my son, let us reform things. Let us sell all the churches and give all the money to the poor. Let us bury our dead in unmarked ditches by the roadside, and send the cost of a Christian burial to the heathen. Let us paint our legs, let our hair grow long, and go naked, so that we may send the money we now waste in fashionable adornment to the perishing millions in India. Let us do all this. Then, you see, the poor heathen will have everything and we will have nothing; they will have clothes and live in houses, and we will wear rings in our noses and live in caves; they will be civilized Christian men and women, and we will be wild barbarians, perishing in benighted ignorance, lifting up our appealing voices for the price of the box of ointment. My son, when you are tempted to howl because a body of Christians builds a church that costs $50,000, you sit down and hold your nose and wait until you see in how many years that church sends out $100,000 to the poor and the sick and the heathen at home and abroad."

Man-Timber.

There is a newsboy who comes to the office of one of our busy neighbors—a great metropolitan daily—every afternoon, for the bundle of papers which he sells. His mother has a stand upon a breezy corner, a few blocks away. Sometimes he comes alone, but usually she is with him. He is only a little fellow ten or twelve years old. She is old—older than one would suppose; perhaps, after all, she is his grandmother. We have watched them a dozen times during the winter, going up the slippery steps, along the icy pavement, across the crowded thoroughfare. She is harsh-featured, stoops, is very unattractive. Her clothing, though not discreditable, is very plain and cheap, and has been altogether too light for the season. The little fellow's face is always bright and cheerful.

Once or twice we have followed them from the office to the news-stand. He chatters to her all the way. His bright young face is often upturned to her grave, wrinkled one, and he seems always to have some message of hope for her old heart. Small as he is, he never allows her to cross the street without the utmost watchfulness for vehicles passing either way. He never permits her to climb the steps without assistance from his ready hand.

While he carries under one arm a portion of the package they bear away from the office, he is always careful to see that she is not only protected from any harm, but also shielded, as much as possible, from discomfort. Again and again, when the cold wind has thrown the thin, black shawl back from the arm under which she carries her bundle of papers, we have seen the little fellow pass around to that side, carefully and tenderly gather the flying garment, tuck it under her arm, so as to protect it from the cold, and then return to take her other arm, and guide her safely along the thoroughfare. He does this without once ceasing his pretty chatter—without a word of suggestion or comment from her—but with that honest kindliness, that delicate regard for others' comfort, that marks only the very finest gentility.

God bless the little fellow! He may never know that any one has ever noted his thoughtful care; he may never even dream that his cheerful and kindly consideration for his aged friend is anything worthy of note; but one, at least, hath seen him, and has been cheered and elevated by his sweet courtesy. One heart, at least, has warmed with love for the gallant little man, and thanked God that chivalry is not yet dead in our great, busy hive.

If we were to publish a list of the gentlemen of nature, as some of our contemporaries have recently done of those whose estates are represented by six figures, and their souls too often by six ciphers, we would find out this little newsboy's name, and write it first of all upon the roll of honor.—*Law and Order.*

A New Way of Making Time.

Once, when Carol's mamma was very ill, the little one hushed her sweet voice, lest she should "'sturb mamma." A weary time it was for the wee girlie! She missed mamma; and, tired of watchful Mary, she liked to slip into papa's study, and play quietly beside him, while he wrote his sermons. His presence made the study a pleasant place. Mr. May often made calls in the afternoon; and one day, noticing the shadow on his little girl's face, he said: "I shall be home by 4, Carol."

Carol watched and waited, and still papa did not come. A thought occurred to her. With a great effort, she climbed up to the sturdy clock, and, opening the door, tried to move the hands along, when alas! snap went one of the hands.

"Where is my little girl?" asked Mr. May, as he entered the house an hour later. But no little girl appeared. When he entered the study she pointed to the clock.

"But why did my darling touch the clock?" asked her papa.

And Carol sobbed out, "I wanted to make it time for papa to come home." And papa could not find it in his heart to chide her.—*Visitor.*

I well recollect, in the course of my labors, a poor Hindu youth, who followed me about the garden at the school, asking me to make him a Christian!" I said, "It is impossible, my boy; if it is possible at all, it is possible only through the Lord Jesus Christ to make you a Christian. Pray to him." How well I recollect the sweet voice of that boy when he soon after came to me, and said, "The Lord Jesus Christ has taken his place in my heart." I asked, "How is that?" He replied, "I prayed, and said, 'O Lord Jesus Christ, if you please, make me a Christian!' And he was so kind that he came down from heaven, and has lived in my heart ever since." How simple and how touching! "Lord Jesus Christ, if you please, make me a Christian!" Can you say that you have made a similar appeal in your spirit as this poor Hindu boy?—*Rev. Dr. Boaz.*

A Question.

A foreigner, on one occasion, indulging in skeptical doubts of the existence of an overruling Providence, Sydney Smith, who had observed him evidently well satisfied with his repast, said: "You must admit that there is great genius and thought in that dish?" "Admirable!" he replied; "nothing can be better." "May I then ask, are you prepared to deny the existence of the cook?" asked Sydney.—*Selected.*

How wearisome the grammarian, the phrenologist, the political or religious fanatic, or indeed any possessed mortal whose balance is lost by the exaggeration of a single topic. It is incipient insanity.—*Emerson.*

Gleanings.

A revival of religion throughout the length and breadth of the land means a revival of righteousness both in the individual citizen and in the nation.—*Independent.*

No soul was ever lost because its fresh beginning broke down; but thousands of souls have been lost because they would not make fresh beginnings.—*Faber.*

Next to the Spirit's influence on the heart of a preacher and accompanying the preached word, is the force of personal character as a condition of true ministerial success.—*Baptist Weekly.*

I pant beyond expression for two days of absolute and unbroken leisure. If it were not for my love of beautiful nature and poetry, my heart would have died within me long ago.—*Lord Jeffrey.*

The empire of Christ is a moral, not a material, empire; it is a realm, not of bodies, but of souls instinct with intelligence and love. Its seat of power is the conscience of mankind.—*Canon Liddon.*

Are you enriching yourself eagerly with knowledge, experience, influence, wealth, that you may pour all these things out upon a world that calls for you as Macedonia called for Paul?—*Christian Union.*

The kingdom of heaven is not come even when God's will is our law; it is come when God's will is our will. While God's will is our law, we are but a kind of noble slave; but when his will is our will, we are free children.—*David Elginbrod.*

Neither say thou hast no symbol of the godlike. Is not God's universe a symbol of the godlike? Is not immensity a temple? Is not man's history and men's history a perpetual evangel? Listen, and for organ music thou wilt ever, as of old, hear the morning stars sing together.—*Carlyle.*

The secret of good manners is to forget one's self altogether, a fact which all young people should learn. The people of really fine breeding are the ones who never think of themselves but only of the pleasure they can give to others. In all French history, no woman had a stronger fascination for whoever came within her reach than Madame Racamier. And the entire secret was her genuine and unaffected interest in the good and ill fortunes of her friends. One means of confirming and establishing one's affections is by serving the loved. Nothing endears one person to another so much as aiding and serving him, especially if self-sacrifice is involved. Giving what is valued always increases affection to the recipients, even if it be only material benefits that are conferred, much more when it is our time, our labors, and ourselves.—*Ex.*

COMMON SENSE.—The most requisite quality is common sense; it is good for every occasion, secular or social; it should be sedulously cultivated; it will aid piety, and piety will add to it. The *Sunday-School Times* says: On the occasion of the installation of a young pastor, a venerable clergyman, who gave the formal "charge" to the candidate, concluded his series of suggestive counsels with the emphatic words: "And, finally, my brother, have good common sense." That was sensible advice; more sensible than it was common. In fact, with all that is said of the value of common sense, it is commonly undervalued; and its recognition and cultivation are so commonly neglected, that even an understanding of the meaning of the term "common sense" is by no means common; any more than common sense itself is common.

HEARTLESSNESS.—Virtue and vice often favor each other; indifferent heartlessness looks very much like the calmness of faith. The *Independent* touches this resemblance: "'I have no anxiety concerning the Church,' said a pastor in our hearing, not long since. 'It is a divine institution. God is in it. Christ is over it, the Holy Ghost is its efficient life. It will do its work, and it will be taken care of *somehow*.' In part, this is a fine sentiment. But when we recalled that that pastor who made this sublime declaration of his faith was justifying what seemed to us his indifference to the fact that in his own church there had not been a revival of religion during his pastorate of nearly ten years, nor any probability of one in the near future, and, moreover, the conversions resulting from the 'regular ministrations' of the Gospel had not averaged *two* in a year during his settlement, we were surprised, and could not but suspect that something was wrong in his faith; we mean the theory which he held concerning the life and increase of the church, He was opposed to evangelists and all 'extraordinary means' for the promotion of revivals. He was a strong believer in the 'Divine Sovereignty,' and 'in set times to favor Zion.' In our judgment, his faith was a dead one, or at least a paralyzed one, for it had no place for works in it."

Educated.

According to Ruskin, an educated man ought to know these things: First, where he is—that is to say what sort of a world he has got into; how large it is; what kind of creatures live in it, and how; what it is made of, and what may be made of it. Secondly, where is he going—that is to say what chances or reports there are of any other world beside this; what seems to be the nature of that other world. Thirdly, what he had best do under the circumstances—that is to say, what kind of faculties he possesses; what are the present state and wants of mankind; what is his place in society; and what are the readiest means in his power of attaining happiness and diffusing it. The man who knows these things, and who has his will so subdued in the learning of them that he is ready to do what he knows he ought, is an educated man; and the man who knows them not is uneducated, though he could talk all the tongues of Babel.

A Pretty Woman's Secret.

Fear of discovery, when she resorts to false hair and dyes, is a source of constant anxiety to her. The very persons from whom she most desires to hide the waning of her charms are the ones most likely to make the discovery. But there is no reason why she should not regain and retain all the beauty of hair that was her pride in youth. Let her use AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, and, not only will her hair cease to fall out, but a new growth will appear where the scalp has been denuded; and locks that are turning gray, or have actually grown white, will return to their pristine freshness and brilliance of color. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR cures

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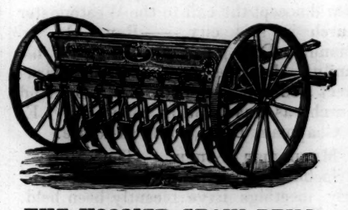

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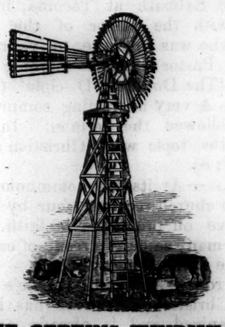

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Miscellany.

COMPENSATION.

The truest words we ever speak
Are words of cheer.
Life has its shade, its valleys deep;
But round our feet the shadows creep,
To prove the sunlight near.
Between the hills those valleys sleep—
The sun-crowned hills!
And down their sides will those who seek
With hopeful spirit, brave, though meek,
Find gently flowing rills.

For every cloud a silvery light—
God wills it so.
For every vale a shining height;
A glorious morn for every night;
And birth for labor's throe;
For snow's white wing a verdant field;
A gain for loss;
For buried seed the harvest yield;
For pain a strength, a joy revealed;
A crown for every cross.—*Selected.*

The Archbishop of the Slums.

REV. HENRY W. JONES.

Lord Shaftesbury, known as a philanthropist the wide world over, passed away at a ripe old age yesterday (Oct. 1st), to the great regret of all who knew him. The hold that he had upon the working classes of England was well shown by the tone and demeanor of an omnibus driver and conductor yesterday afternoon. I was riding down one of the busiest thoroughfares of London, when I noticed the conductor climb to the roof of the 'bus and whisper to the driver. The driver's countenance changed as though some calamity had been made known to him. A few moments afterward the driver said to me: "Do you know, sir, what has happened?" I said, "No." He replied: "Lord Shaftesbury is dead." I replied: "You have lost a friend, then." "Yes," said he, "the best we have ever had." During the heat of the agitation on the ecclesiastical titles bill some English churchman described Cardinal Wiseman as an "Archbishop of the slums." The Cardinal replied: "Exactly; that is just what I am, or what I ought to be. What better title could a priest or prelate have?" The title may well be applied to the deceased peer. He was interested in the slums, not in the way that many are to-day, simply regarding them as one more sight to stimulate a jaded appetite, but because he recognized the inhabitants as *men* and *women*, notwithstanding their dreadful surroundings, and because he believed in the possibility of raising such men and women into enlightened Christian citizenship.

Lord Shaftesbury was born in Grosvenor Square April 20, 1801. He was educated at Harrow and Christ Church College, Oxford. All his connections were with the Tory party, though he was never a partisan politician—hardly a politician at all in the modern sense of the term. Early in his parliamentary career he interested himself in the condition of factory children, and mainly through his exertions, though against tremendous opposition, a bill was passed limiting children's work to eight hours a day, and that of young persons under eighteen to sixty-nine hours per week. He also obtained a commission to inquire into the effects of the employment of women and girls in mines. At that time, in coal mines where the seams of coal were too shallow to allow a person to stand upright, women worked on hands and knees, dragging trucks of coal by a chain attached to a belt fastened round their waists. They were very slightly clad. The evidence before the commission showed not only that the labor was unfit for women, but that the moral effects were bad, and a bill was passed prohibiting girls and women from doing such work. When it is remembered that in those days working people had not the means of helping themselves that they possess to-day, the moral courage of a nobleman undertaking their cause for them becomes the more admirable.

In 1851 he became a member of the House of Lords. The oppressed of all nations found in him an ardent advocate and a ready helper. Italy and Poland, in their struggles, always found him on their side. Though theoretically a Conservative, yet his actions were of the most liberal kind. Weakness and want always touched him, and he was restless till weakness was strengthened and want relieved. For the past quarter of a century he has been, perhaps, the foremost Englishman in all humanitarian schemes, not simply by presiding at meetings and leading subscription lists, but by bringing himself into actual contact with the poor and needy has he achieved conspicuous successes in his honorable toil. He aided the costermongers of the metropolis in securing certain privileges some years ago, and they showed their appreciation in an odd but hearty fashion. Putting their pennies together they bought a coster's barrow and a handsome donkey, and presented them to his Lordship, and elected him an honorary member of their fraternity. The donkey was sent to his country estate, and kept as a memento of the gratitude of the London poor.

Lord Shaftesbury belonged to the ultra evangelical wing of the Church of England, and was sometimes almost bitter in his denunciation of men of the opposite party. It is said that, during Lord Palmerston's administration very few High Churchmen were made Bishops—probably due to the great influence exercised by Shaftesbury over Palmerston, who was his kinsman. At religious assemblies of all kinds in London, and often in provincial towns, he was an honored and a welcome speaker. Indeed, any great meeting seemed to lack something if by any chance he was unable to attend. To say that he was a perfect man would be absurd, and he would have been one of the last to claim it. However, most people were so firmly convinced of his purity of motive and large-heartedness that his errors of judgment were readily forgiven. An able morning journal says: "No doubt, he made mistakes and wasted more than once his high purposes and generous energies. He did not always govern his impulses by prudence. No one given up to such tasks as his would be likely always to do so; but he has accomplished some great successes, he has done much substantial, solid, enduring good for the poor, which might not have been done, which certainly would not have been done so soon, but for him. No one ever questioned the sincerity of his benevolence, nor did he give himself any of the airs of what may be called the professional philanthropist. He was not moulded after the caricaturist's or the burlesque writer's notion of a philanthropist. He was practical and clear-headed; he spoke well on his own subjects, and seldom in the language of mere merriment." His last moments were of the most peaceful kind. Though for some time he has not been able to do so much work as formerly, yet he has almost literally "ceased at once to work and live." He retained consciousness almost to the last, and conversed sensibly. He dictated two letters to his daughters on the very day of his death. He was not taken unawares. He knew the end was coming, and, though always tender toward his children, his tenderness in the last few hours was most touching. Anxious inquiries have been sent from all parts of England, indeed of the world, about his health, and he will be sincerely mourned to-day wherever people are found who are trying to bear the burdens of the weak.

It is a happy thing that just now, when Englishmen are much excited about the social sins of the well-to-do classes of England (though these specific crimes are by no means confined to the rich), that attention is called to the fact that there are men of title and wealth who forego many of the pleasures of station to help those less fortunate than themselves in the race of life. What is given up is, after all, less than what is gained, for the consciousness of a good deed done is sweeter than gold or coronet. Lord Shaftesbury has been a power in his life, and he will still live in the careers of those who have been stimulated to noble endeavor by his brave and unselfish life. —*Northwestern.*

How Wesley Preached.

Some of the gatherings to hear Wesley were immense. Let us try to describe one of them. It was at Gwennap Pit, a vast excavation on a hill-side, supposed to be the work of ancient miners. The day is fine, and thousands have already assembled, standing about in groups, busy in conversation, or sitting silently on the rocks and green sward. Mothers are there with their babes; fathers leading by the hand their little ones; old men and women bent with the weight of years, the countenance of some telling of sorrow and sin and care. Miners are there just as they have come from the pit, and their grimy faces tell of many a day of toil and many a scene of danger. Rough men with weather-beaten faces are there from the seashore, too, with women little less toil-worn and hard-featured; for some of these could tell tales such as only wreckers can. And then there are farmers and their workpeople and families, who have left their various avocations, and some of them their houses without a caretaker, and all to hear "Parson Wesley." All is expectation. Presently there appears a man in clerical attire, rather below than above the middle stature, his neat dress and the large silver buckles on his shoes suggesting the idea of a city clergyman rather than a field preacher. This is "Parson Wesley," as calm and self-possessed as if he were in a city church. In a few moments all is hushed attention. His prayer is the utterance of a man who knows what it is to walk and converse with God. The sermon begins, and every eye is rivited on his benevolent face. The grand scenery around is forgotten, and all else save the message of salvation and the thoughts and feelings it awakens. He tells of man's wandering, of his lost condition, of the Good Shepherd's love, compassion, and diligent searching for the strayed ones, and of how He has purchased their redemption with His precious blood. He tells of the wrath quenched, of the ransom paid, and of the way to the kingdom of heaven opened for all who enter in through Christ the door. He invites every one to return to God. He beseeches all to accept the free offer of salvation, to believe and live; yea, that moment to flee for refuge. While he speaks, mighty influences are silently at work. Tears are coursing down many a grimy face, and many a dark-browed listener is convulsed with grief. Like stricken deer, some are silently mourning over their sins; but others are unable to restrain their emotions. They speak out, some softly, some in loud tones, and some in piercing cries. Presently the whole multitude seems aroused and alarmed, and the preacher's voice can hardly be heard for the weeping. Then some lift up their voices in praise to God, for redeeming grace has broken their fetters, or the whole multitude join in a loud "Amen." Here and there, too, men as well as women fall to the earth, as if struck by some irresistible power, and some are borne away, convulsed with an agony of distress because of their sins. The sermon ends, and the whole congregation join in singing—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly," etc.

The old hills ring again. There is a gladness in many a heart, for salvation has come to it; and there is joy in heaven among the angels of God, for sinners are bowed in penitence, and souls by hundreds have been plucked as brands from the burning.—*Quiver.*

The doctrines of grace humble a man without degrading him, and exalt him without inflating him.—*Charles Hodge.*

Grace in Little Things.

There is an old story of a certain minister who, in arranging his toilet for his parochial calls, found a button gone from his shirt-collar, and all at once the good man's patience left him. He fretted and scolded, and said undignified and unkind things, until the tired wife burst into tears and escaped to her room. The hours of the afternoon wore away, during which the parson called upon old Brother Jones, who was all bowed down with rheumatism, and found him patient and even cheerful; upon young Brother Hall wasting away with the consumption, and found him anxious to go and be with Christ; upon good old Grandmother Smith, in her poor, miserable hovel of a home, and found her singing one of the good old hymns as happy as a bird; upon young Mrs. Brown, who had a few weeks before buried her only child, and found her trustful and serene in the view of God's love, which had come to her through her affliction. The minister went home filled with what he had seen, and when evening came, and he was seated in his easy chair, his good wife near him busy with her needles, he could not help saying, "What a wonderful thing grace is! How much it will do! There is nothing beyond its power! Wonderful! Wonderful! It can do all things." Then the little wife said, "Yes, it is wonderful, indeed; but there is one thing the grace of God does not seem to have the power to do." "Ah, what can that be?" said the husband. "Why, it does not seem to have power to control a minister's temper when a shirt-button is gone." This was a new version of the doctrine of grace to the parson, but it was such a version as many another religious man needs to remember. There is many a man who can stand up before a multitude and "confess Christ"; who can be most meek when insulted in some public place; who can rub his hands and bless God for the power of religion, but who is too weak to keep his temper at home. The value of art is in the fineness of the work; the perfection of music is in the little accuracies. So the beauty and power of our religion are seen when we manifest grace in little things. As it takes greater skill to engrave the Lord's Prayer upon a five-cent piece than upon a broad steel plate, so it takes more grace to live a good Christian at home than in public. —*Golden Rule.*

The Kingdom of Christ.

We copy from the London *Christian World* a paragraph of the discourse of the Rev. Dr. Green, at Swansea, Wales, concerning the "Kingdom of Christ." He said of this kingdom: "It is: Christ in Morals. The law of duty resolves itself into the accomplishment of His will; and the imperial motive of right action is ever this—For Christ's sake. Christ in Education. Every topic of human interest has its true connection with him whom to know is life eternal; from every field of thought there is a path to Bethlehem and Calvary; and the training of intellect and heart can only be complete when it leads to Him. Christ in literature. For in Him all truth, wisdom, beauty center. Without Him there seems to breathe through even the brightest productions of genius a sense of mystery and unrest; and those only speak best concerning human and common things who have learned the secret of God's love in Christ, and whose pages are touched with the light that comes from heaven. Christ in Science. For there is a realm beyond the world of sense—a knowledge which does not spring from the observation of Nature's laws, a point where the student, baffled at the end of his researches by questionings which his philosophy cannot resolve, waits reverently for the word of Revelation. 'This is Life eternal—to know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou has sent.' Christ in Politics. For in all human affairs, and especially in those which concern the relations of men with each other, in rule, obedience, interdependence and mutual service, the Gospel supplies the light by which we must walk if we would live aright, and in this also the Saviour is the King of men. Christ in Commerce. For in this sphere especially is it that human selfishness asserts its sway; and the only way to overcome it is by that spirit of Christ which is the spirit of brotherhood."

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Our whole happiness and power of energetic action in this world depend upon our being able to breathe and live in the cloud; content to see it open here and close there; rejoicing to catch, through the thinnest films of it, glimpses of stable and substantial things; but yet perceiving a nobleness even in the concealment, and rejoicing that the kindly veil is spread where the untempered light might have scorched us, or the infinite clearness wearied.—*Ruskin.*

Anything which makes religion its second object makes religion no object. God will put up with a great many things in the human heart, but there is one thing he will not put up with in it—a second place. He who offers God a second place, offers him no place.—*Ruskin.*

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News Items.

DOMESTIC.

There are 116 churches in Pittsburgh heartily united in special revival services for the converted of that vicinity.

The Constitutional Amendment to abolish October elections in Ohio was carried by a majority of 537,000 at the late election.

The Chinese merchants of New York have sent President Cleveland an address, thanking him for his efforts to protect their countrymen.

Philadelphia contains more dwelling-houses owned by their occupants than any other city in the country, beating New York by 20,000.

The Mayor, a judge, and a number of other prominent citizens of Tacoma, have been arrested on charges growing out of the anti-Chinese agitation.

So many of the boys sent to West Point prove unable to pass the examination for admission that about fifty Congressional districts are unrepresented.

The Supreme Court of this State has ordered cause to be shown why the railroad tax money in the Attorney-General's hands should not be paid into the State Treasury.

Hon. William Sharon, ex-United States Senator of Nevada, was born January 9, 1821, and died at the Palace Hotel, in this city, November 13, 1885. His fortune is estimated at from $6,000,000 to $10,000,000.

The will of the late Dr. Tyng leaves most of his property, valued at $40,000, to his wife. His library goes to a divinity school in Philadelphia. The name of his son, Stephen H., it is said, is not mentioned in the will.

FOREIGN.

Riel, the leader of the rebellion in Manitoba, was hanged November 16th. His last words were "*Jesus merci.*"

Refreshing rains have fallen in the province or Mysore, Southern India, so that the fearful prospect of famine is averted.

The Prussian and Swiss national hymns have the same melody as the English "God save the Queen" and our own "America."

The British evangelical Alliance has prepared the annual programme of topics for prayer and exhortation for the week of prayer, January 3–10. 1886.

An immense strike is imminent in England involving between 175,000 and 200,000 colliers, who demand an advance of 15 per cent. in their wages.

The Pope's recent encyclical letter is exciting much attention, and among Catholics is theme of lively discussion, particularly that part of it which exhorts Catholics to "devote careful attention to public matters to take active part in all municipal affairs and elections, and to make themselves felt as active elements in daily political life.

King Theebaw has issued a proclamation, declaring that he will not accept the absurd propositions of the Indian Government, and therefore declaring war. He promises to personally lead his troops, calls upon his subjects to fight for the defense of their country and religion. Europeans are not to be molested until the invaders cross the frontier, when all will be slain. Many Europeans are leaving Mandalay unhindered. The Italian Consul will remain for the present.

A Thanksgiving Entertainment.

A Thanksgiving entertainment will be held under the auspices of the Sunday-school of Central M. E. church, on Mission street, between Sixth and Seventh, this city; and of the Young Women's Christian Association, on Tuesday evening, November 24th, at 7:30 o'clock. All benevolent people are invited to participate. Admission, a potato, or an apple (the larger, the better). No one will be admitted without a potato or an apple. These tickets will not be taken at the door, but must be presented and carried into the church, and will be gathered up by the collectors. These are the price of admission, but not in any sense to take the place of gifts, which all are requested to bring, if possible.

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SILVER—Bar Silver, per ounce, 1,000 fine, $1.03⅜; Sterling bills on London, 60 days $4 83 to 4 85½.

COMMERCIAL

FLOUR—Best brands of City Extra, $4.37½ to 5 00; Superfine, $3 50 to 4 00.

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BARLEY—Feed, $1.32½ to 1.40.

OATS—$1.15 to 1.40.

FEED—Bran, $16.00 @ 16.50; ground-barley, $29 00 to 30 00; middlings, $20 00 to $21.00

POTATOES—35c to 75c per cwt.

FRUIT—Lemons, $1 00 to 2 50 per box for California; Bananas, 1.75 to $2.25 ℔ bunch; Apples, 40c to $1 25 per box; Oranges, Cal., $3.00 to 3.50 per box; Strawberries, $3 00 per chest; Peaches, 75c per box; Grapes, 75c to $2 00 per box.

VEGETABLES—Cabbage, 60 to 75c per ctl.; Marrowfat Squash, $8 00 per ton; Green Peas, 3 to 4c per lb; Tomatoes, 50 to 65c per box.

HAY—$10.00 to 14.00 for all grades. Straw, 60 to 75c per bale.

BUTTER—Choice, Cal. 36c to 37c.

CHEESE—Cal. 6 to 11c choice.

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BEEF—6¾ to 7 first quality; 5 to 5¼c for third.

LAMB—5½ to 6½c per ℔.

MUTTON—Wethers, 4½ to 5; Ewes, 4 to 4½.

PORK—Live hogs, 3 to 3½c for grain fed; stock, 2¼ to 2½c; dressed do, 5¼ to 5¾c for city, 4 to 4¼c for country, and 5 to 5½ for choice pigs.

HIDES AND SKINS — Sheep skins—Sheerlings, 10 to 25c; Short Wool, 35 to 60c; Medium, 60 to 75c; Long Wool, 90c.

Sunday-school Lesson for Nov. 29th.

BY REV. M. WILLETT.

HEZEKIAH'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

Golden Text.—"The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble." (Ps. xx: 1.)

This lesson does not, by any means, tell us the first time that Hezekiah's trust in the Lord was put to a severe test. In his fourteenth year Sennacherib, King of Assyria, Sargon's successor, invaded his kingdom and laid siege to Jerusalem. Hezekiah submitted himself, terms were made, and the Assyrian army withdrew. Some time later they returned. The general of the army sent an insulting letter to Hezekiah. This letter the king laid before the Lord, and the angel of the Lord smote in the Assyrian camp in one night 185,000 men. Sennacherib at once withdrew his armies and returned to Assyria.

LESSON NOTES.

(V. 1.) The first invasion of Sennacherib occurred in the fourteenth year of Hezekiah. As his entire reign was only twenty-nine years, and as he lived fifteen years after his sickness, it follows that his sickness must have been about the time of the Assyrian invasion. He was sick unto death. His sickness was of a kind that would naturally have caused death. Isaiah's announcement was similar to that of Jonah to Nineveh: "We see that the prophetic denunciations were often not absolute predictions of what was certainly about to happen, but warnings or menaces, designed, primarily, to prove or to lead to repentance those against whom they were uttered, and only obtaining accomplishment if this primary design failed.

(V. 2.) He wished to pray without disturbance or interruption.

(V. 3.) The old covenant promised temporal prosperity, including length of days, to the righteous. He felt that he did not deserve the sentence which cut him off in middle life. We are not to suppose that he simply dreaded death, but rather that he loved life and longed to finish his work.

(V. 4.) The Revised Version translates "the middle part of the city," instead of the middle court. This fact is made known to show that God heard and answered the prayer in a wonderfully short space of time.

(V. 5.) Hezekiah is comforted, not merely with an assurance of recovery, but with a promise marking at once the completeness of the cure ("Thou shalt go up") and its rapidity ("on the third day"; *i. e.*, the day after the morrow). It is assumed from the known piety of Hezekiah that his first act, when he has recovered, will be to return thanks to Almighty God in the temple.

(V. 7.) It is usual in the East, even at the present day, to employ a poultice of figs as a remedy for ordinary boils. This evidently was no ordinary boil, since it would naturally have proved fatal, as common boils do not. It was probably a dangerous carbuncle or tumor. The figs could not cure the sore, but were employed as Jesus put clay upon the eyes of the blind man—a means having a tendency towards the result wrought by them, but insufficient of themselves to produce that result.

(V. 8.) Asking for a sign is a pious or a wicked act according to the spirit in which it is done. No blame is attached to the request of Gideon or this of Hezekiah, because they were real wishes of the heart expressed sincerely and humbly. The evil generation that sought for a sign in our Lord's day did not really want one, but made the demand captiously, neither expecting nor wishing that it should be granted.

(V. 9.) Hezekiah was given his choice of two signs. "As the shadow is said to go down, it perhaps is best to understand, with Cyril and Jerome, an instrument consisting of steps or stairs with an obelisk at the top, the shadow of which descended or ascended the steps according as the sun rose higher in the heavens or declined. Moderns generally suppose some less violent interference with the order of nature than the actual reversing of the earth's motion around its axis. Perhaps extraordinary refraction would answer all the necessities of the case."

(V. 12.) The author of Chronicles informs us that the chief object of the embassy was to inquire in respect to the going back of the shadow, an astronomical marvel in which the Chaldæans of Babylon would be likely to feel a keen interest. It may be suspected, however, that behind this professed motive there may have lurked another—the desire of Berodach-baladan to strengthen himself against Assyria by an alliance with Judea.

(V. 13.) The political purpose of this embassy seems to be implied in this verse. It hardly seems as though Hezekiah would have been severely condemned for simply showing his treasures had this sprung from the natural desire to be amiable and complacent to these embassadors. A man of his type would hardly have been vainglorious. But if he exhibited his resources to induce these men to report favorably of him to their master with an alliance in view, then he would be leaning upon "an arm of flesh."

(V. 17.) Babylon had been hitherto but a name, glorious to be sure, but indistinct; now she is prophetical as an actual political power. Henceforth, instead of Assyria, she became the great object of the nations' fear and hatred.

PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS.

1. Death lays her icy hand on kings. Palace walls are no armor against trouble. People who live an an humble and common way are always tempted to attribute more safety and happiness to great houses, and many treasures, than the truth will allow. Sometimes Hezekiah's boil is the result of Hezekiah's table. Money without perspiration sometimes means a body without health. Envy of the rich and great, as though they were lifted above the ills that flesh is heir to, is very foolish and very common. The more exalted, the more exposed; the more privileges, the more cares.

2. If death is sure and the time uncertain, wisdom demands that we set our house in order. "Our hearts, like muffled drums, are beating funeral marches to the grave." Every pulse-beat brings us nearer to the destined end. The old must die; the young may. There is not a congregation or school in the State in which this commonplace is not having frequent illustration. We cannot tell, when we rise in the morning, whether we shall see the night; we cannot tell, when we close our eyes in sleep, whether we shall see the morning. Surely, then, we should keep our house in order for death's coming. We should be always ready, for we know not the day nor the hour. Dying is gain only for those whose living is Christlike. We cannot do better than walk with God, as Enoch did. Then we shall be ready to be taken, as Enoch was.

3. When we are sick it is right and good to pray for restoration and recovery. To be ready for death does not imply any unhealthy disgust with this present life. There is many a man who mistakes weariness of the present for preparation for the future. It is natural and Christian, both, to desire to live out the three score years and ten. Hence, when we are sick and death threatens, it is lawful to ask that we may be spared longer. In all such prayers, however, we must be earnestly desirous that God's will may be done. God knows better than we when our work is done, characters rounded out, and home our best reward and surety. Some very wise people are saying in these days that there is no use in praying, for everything is irrevocably fixed. Those who believe that the Bible is the Word of God have an answer ready in this very lesson. Hezekiah had fifteen years added to his life because he prayed. Whether God interfered with natural law or not in this case, one thing is sure—he does whatever pleases him.

4. Prayer does not interfere with the use of means. We are not called upon to reject the use of medicines and remedies because we believe in prayer. God ordinarily works through natural means. To pray and not to exercise our highest judgment and skill is to be a fatalist, and not a Christian. It would be more becoming in a follower of Mahomet than of Christ.

5. When cured, let praise be given to God. The lesson implies that, upon the third day after his recovery, Hezekiah would go up to the temple and give thanks. How many vow! Some vow in time of sickness, that they proceed to immediately forget when well. However grateful we may be to the physician for our recovery, we should remember that God has been the ultimate healer. And if we are brought back to health, it has been for some good purpose that we should seek to find out. What can we do better if brought back from death's door than make salvation our principal theme and endeavor.

6. However signal our deliverances in this world we never will be beyond folly. Hezekiah, even after his deliverance from sickness, showed a disposition in the matter of the Babylonian embassy to lean upon the arm of flesh. There must have been some sin and error in his reception of them, or he never would have been so rebuked for his acts in the matter. He received the sentence imposed in the true spirit of resignation, and yet was thankful that the evil was not to come in his day. "Is it not good if peace and truth be in my day?" This is no very exalted state of mind. The Old Testament saints were, by no means, perfect men. We must be prepared to see and acknowledge defects in the very best of them.

Publishers' Department

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THE PACIFIC BANK.

In another column, we wish to call attention to the statement of the Pacific Bank. As most of our readers are aware, the Pacific Bank is conducted under temperance management, its President, Dr. R. H. McDonald, being the pioneer and most prominent prohibitionist of the Pacific Coast. During the twenty-two years of the Bank's existence its record has been brilliant and untarnished, and in years of prosperity or adversity, till the same, unchanging, solid business management has enabled the Bank not only to pay the regular dividend of 10 per cent. to stockholders, but annually add to its surplus fund $50,000, until the original capital of $1,000,000 has been augmented by $500,000. A conspicuous feature of the Pacific Bank is the fact that but two presidents have been at its head—our first Governor, P. H. Burnett, and the present incumbent, Dr. R. H. McDonald, under whose able leadership the Bank has been a staunch, prosperous institution. During the President's absence Mr. R. H. McDonald, Jr., assumes the presidential duties, and, by his most efficient management and courteous extension of all favors consistent with the Bank's interest, wins the esteem and good-will of all its patrons. To all country merchants and farmers we would state that, having for years made a specialty of loaning on produce and merchandise, we are prepared to offer special inducements to that class of trade. The Pacific Bank has connection with the most prominent banks throughout the world, and is prepared to issue letters of credit, valid in all parts of the civilized globe. The Pacific Bank is the oldest chartered bank on the Coast, having been established in 1863, and can justly lay claim to the title of the "Pioneer Bank." There is no limit to the liability of its stockholders; therefore, depositors are sure of being paid cent per cent for deposits. Taking all in all, the Pacific Bank is a beacon light in commerce on the Pacific Coast, the luster of its prosperity never having been dimmed by storms of adversity or business depression, but has grown brighter and stronger with each ensuing year.

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ADJOURNED ANNUAL MEETING.—An adjourned annual meeting of the Pomona Land and Water Company will be held at the office of the Company, No. 411 California street, San Francisco, Cal., on Wednesday, the 25th day of November, 1885, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

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[Will our readers take notice, and help themselves and us?]

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